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Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.
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The Cardinal's Hat and its History.

THERE may be, perhaps, some two million or more of people in the United Kingdom who at one time or other have seen a Cardinal attired in all the glory of his scarlet robes. Of these, probably not one in a thousand has ever looked upon an authentic Cardinal's hat, and fewer still have beheld this decoration on the head of its lawful owner. None the less, it is the hat which, amidst all the other cardinalitial insignia, is accepted in the metaphorical language of European nations as the equivalent of the office itself, and it is the hat which usage has chosen as the most speaking personal memorial to hang over the Cardinal's tomb when he is laid to rest. There is enough of paradox about this to provoke enquiry, and I venture at the present auspicious season, when the red hat with its thirty tassels once more "ensigns" the shield of the Archbishop of Westminster, to offer the results of a hasty investigation for the perusal of such readers as may chance to be more ignorant than myself.

Cardinals as an institution are of older date than their hats, but the appearance of the Cardinal's hat in history corresponds nearly enough to the period of the full evolution of the cardinalitial dignity. According to the unanimous voice of the chroniclers, it was Pope Innocent IV. who first conferred a distinctive head-dress upon the senators of the Roman Church. Whether this step was actually decided upon in the course of the Council of Lyons (1245), or whether the innovation originated some little time afterwards, is a question upon which early authorities differed. But all are agreed that Innocent IV. was the author of it, and it is certain that about ten years before this date, the English Bishop Grosseteste, the great Robertus Lincolniensis, who himself later on assisted at the Council, did not hesitate to describe the Cardinals of the Roman Church as the "hinges (*cardines*) of the world,"

the pivot upon which rested that Catholic Faith which, as Christ had promised, was never to fail.¹ Even though the letter in which these words occur is one of compliment, Grosseteste was not a man who can lightly be charged with adulation, and the document remains as a striking testimony to the important position already attained by the counsellors and electors of the Pope before the middle of the thirteenth century.

One thing which must certainly have tended to enhance the dignity of the Sacred College was the fact that at this period its numbers were extraordinarily low. At the conclusion of the long vacancy which in June, 1243, terminated with the election of Innocent IV. (Sinibaldo dei Fieschi) there were, if we exclude the newly-elected pontiff, only nine Cardinals living. At the moment when Innocent made his first creation there were actually only seven.² Under such circumstances the question which formed a favourite topic of discussion among the canonists of the period as to whether, if there remained but a single Cardinal, he would have the right to elect the Pope, and whether he could elect himself, was not so wildly extravagant as it might seem at first sight. Anyway, in 1244, twelve new Cardinals were created, so that there were nineteen in all, of whom six were Religious,—four Cistercians, one Dominican, and one Benedictine.³ A second creation of three Cardinals took place in the December of 1251, but as five had in the meanwhile died, the total during Innocent's pontificate at no time exceeded nineteen. The fact of the introduction of the red hat is referred to by all the ordinary chroniclers with extreme brevity, and by most of them it seems to be assigned to the year 1252. We may take for illustration's sake the

¹ Grosseteste, *Epistolae* (Rolls Series), p. 125 ff. It is to be remembered that the Spanish Cardinal Giles (Ægidius) to whom this letter was addressed was a man of the highest character and integrity, a Cardinal of whom even Matthew Paris speaks with admiration (see Maubach, *Die Kardinäle und ihre Politik um die Mitte des xiii Jahrhunderts*, p. 6). The whole letter of Grosseteste is a remarkable one, and the first few clauses may be quoted to illustrate its tone:

"Sicut super mundi cardines mundus innititur, eorumque fulcimine supportatur, ut opinati sunt et scripserunt quos mundi labor agitavit, sic super sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae cardinales, orbis terrarum qui non commovebitur id est, universalis Ecclesia quae nullis commotionibus a stabilitate fidei dejicietur, fixe innititur, et ab iisdem fortiter et firmiter sustinetur; ipsi enim sunt quos vocat Psalmus *fundamenta orbis terrarum*."

² Niccolò da Calvi, *Vita Innocentii*, c. 12.

³ Maubach, *Die Kardinäle und ihre Politik*, p. 24.

account given by William de Nangis, who wrote before the end of the thirteenth century:

Pope Innocent IV. ordained that all the Cardinals of the Roman Church should wear a red hat on their heads when they ride abroad that they may be distinguished and known from the other ecclesiastics riding in their train, insinuating thereby that when the cause of the Faith or of justice is attacked, the Roman Church, which is the head of all other churches, should be willing before all others to offer her head, if need there should be, to be purpled with blood.¹

In the margin of this passage Philip de Vitry, a commentator who wrote a generation later, has added a little maliciously the following note:

When it was that the Cardinals first wore the red hat (*pileo purpureo*) and came to be distinguished from other prelates by their self-consciousness (*philatiam*), like the Pharisees of whom we read in the Gospel. So far, it must be confessed, the reason alleged for this mark of distinction [*i.e.*, the willingness of Cardinals to lay down their lives] has not been justified in practice.

The information given by William de Nangis is repeated in somewhat briefer terms by the English Dominican, Nicholas Trivet, under A.D. 1252, by Walsingham in his *Ypodigma Neustriæ*, by Andrea Dandolo, by the *Flores Historiarum*, and a number of other chronicles. One would be inclined to attach special importance to the inscription still to be read on the tomb of Innocent IV. in the Cathedral at Naples, in which, as the following copy shows, the institution of the red hat is commemorated as almost the most conspicuous of the Pope's achievements.

D.O.M.
INNOCENTIO IV PONT MAX
DE OMNI CHRISTANA REP. OPTIME MERITO
QUI NATALI S IOANNIS BAPTISTAE
ANNO MCCXLIV
PONTIFIX RENUNCIATUS
DIE APOSTOLORUM PRINCIPI SACRA CORONATUS
QUUM PURPUREO PRIMUS PILEO
CARDINALES EXORNASSET

¹ Pertz, M. G. H. Scriptores, vol. xxvi. p. 640.

NEAPOLIM A CONRADO EVERSAM
 S.P. RESTITUENDAM CURASSET
 INNUMERISQUE ALIIS PRAECLARE ET PROPE
 DIVINE GESTIS PONTIFICATUM SUUM
 QUAM MAXIME ILLUSTREM REDDIDISSET
 ANNI MCCLIV
 B LUCIAE VIRGINIS LUCE HAC LUCE CESSIT
 ANNIBAL DE CAPUA ARCHIEP. NEAP.
 IN SANCTISSIMI VIRI MEMORIAM
 ABOLETUM VETUSTATE EPIGRAMMA RESTITUIT¹

Unfortunately we cannot appeal to this as a contemporary monument. The tomb was first erected more than half a century after the pontiff's death, and, as the text itself declares, what is now read there is only a copy of the original inscription, which had become partly illegible and was restored by Archbishop Hannibal de Capua, who lived at the close of the sixteenth century. Hence the data which it furnishes can hardly be trusted; the more so as the line B LUCIAE VIRGINIS LUCE HAC LUCE CESSIT would assign Innocent's death to the feast of St. Lucy,² December 13th, whereas it is practically certain that he died on the feast of St. Ambrose, December 7th, nearly a week before.

But in any case, the fact that Innocent IV. gave the Cardinals their red hats is open to no question. Niccolò da Calvi, called in Latin, *Nicholaus de Carbio*,³ the same authority who furnishes such precise details regarding the time and manner of the pontiff's death, is equally definite in the matter of the hats. Niccolò had been the Pope's chaplain and confessor, and in these capacities had been his inseparable companion in his wanderings. He had been appointed Bishop of Assisi in 1250, but he still retained his post in the papal household. No one could have been more competent to write a Life of his beloved master, and as a record of facts Carbio's brief biography is ad-

¹ Gregorovius, *Tombs of the Popes* (Eng. Ed.), p. 51.

² Bernard Guido also says the feast of St. Lucy; but his authority is of no weight beside the explicit and twice-repeated statement of Niccolò da Calvi, who was with the Pope to the end.

³ F. Pagnotti has published a very valuable study upon "Niccolò da Calvi e la sua Vita d' Innocenzo IV." in the *Archivio della R. Società Romana di Storia Patria*, vol. xxi (1898), pp. 1-120, with the text of the Life. He shows amongst other things that the spelling *Nicholaus de Carbio* is a mere blunder.

mitted by all to be in the highest degree trustworthy. Now the reference made by Niccolò to the Cardinals' red hats is a very casual one, but his statement is precise, and it is hardly possible to believe that he can have been mistaken.

Meanwhile [he says] the said pontiff in the second year after the Council (of Lyons) went to Cluny to hold a conference with the King of France (St. Louis IX.) and his brothers, and there the Lords Cardinals received their red hats for the first time. This had been decided upon in the Council itself.¹

In spite of an inaccuracy regarding the year of this occurrence—for the Council and the visit to Cluny both took place in the same year, 1245,—the Council in June and the visit to Cluny at the end of November—there is no reason to set aside this piece of definite evidence.

It is perhaps the more trustworthy because it tells us nothing of the motive which had decided the Pope to adopt this innovation. The idea, so much dwelt upon in later times, that the red colour symbolized the willingness of these princes of the Church to die for the Faith, is clearly a bit of *ex post facto* symbolism. Beyond this brief passage in Niccolò da Calvi, no information seems to be supplied by any really contemporary authority. Still there is a story, set down in writing at the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century, which is certainly interesting and not in itself improbable, though by some curious accident it seems to have been overlooked by the writers who treat *ex professo* of the history of the Cardinalate.² The story occurs in the Chronicle of the Dominican, Francis Pippino, and is told by him in the following terms:

This same Innocent IV., as James de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, records,³ (adding further that he himself entered the Dominican Order in the year that this Pope came to Genoa on his return from Italy) was the first to ordain that Cardinals should wear hats of red scarlet (*primus ut Cardinales pileos deferant ex rubro scarleto instituit*). This he did for the following reason, as I have

¹ *Vita Innocentii*, c. 21; see the *Archivio*, p. 97.

² I refer to such authorities as Ciacconius, Oldoinus, Buonanni, Moroni, Tamagna, Barbier de Montault, Sägmüller, &c.

³ This reference to the Chronicle of James de Voragine, also a Dominican, is quite correct; see Muratori, vol. ix. p. 48.

heard stated by the Lord Cardinal Peter Colonna; for before this time prelates both at the Roman Court and elsewhere all wore black hats without distinction. It appears that while Her Highness the Countess of Flanders was on her way to visit the Court of this Pope Innocent, she chanced one day to meet a certain Abbot. Seeing him surrounded with an imposing retinue, she concluded that he must be a Cardinal, and saluted him most deferentially. On another occasion, however, when she met one of the Cardinals who was proceeding humbly on foot, she responded to his salutation with much less reverence, believing that he was only an abbot or a prior. Afterwards, on learning from her attendants that this was really a Cardinal, she was greatly ashamed of the mistake she had made, and going to the Pope, she desired of him as a special favour that in future this distinction should be made between Cardinals and other prelates of high rank, namely, that Cardinals should wear hats of scarlet as an outward token of their dignity.¹

There is nothing extravagant in this story, and it is precise in its reference to authorities.

The particular Countess of Flanders, who is meant, was Margaret, the daughter of Baldwin, Latin Emperor of Constantinople. At the time of the First Council of Lyons, she was the ruler of Flanders and Hainault, and then and for many years afterwards she maintained a sort of semi-regal state. It seems quite likely that she was present at the Conference at Cluny. Her son William was certainly there.² The Emperor Baldwin, her father, assisted at the Council of Lyons,³ and Margaret herself, with both her sons, William and Guy, took the cross about the same time.⁴ Again, although there is apparently nothing to connect Cardinal Peter Colonna with the Netherlands, he might conceivably have known Margaret in his youth. She died in 1280, and he was already a Cardinal in 1288. But in any case he was a much-travelled man, and there was no reason why he should not have picked up such a story from a reliable source, even though the Countess of Flanders herself was not his informant.

Neither is there anything inconsistent with this account in the fact that, as Sägmüller has pointed out, the red hats

¹ Muratori, *Antiquitates*, vol. x. p. 98.

² See E. Berger, *St. Louis et Innocent IV.*, p. 156.

³ See J. B. Martin, *Conciles et Bullaire du Diocèse de Lyon*, pp. 261, 263, 277.

⁴ Berger, p. 175, and cf. Matt. Paris, IV. 489; Joinville, c. 108.

had some sort of precedent in the attire commonly worn by legates *a latere* in their missions beyond the seas.¹ Such legates were the representative of the Pope, and from a comparatively early period they were allowed to wear that royal purple, which was peculiar to the Supreme Pontiff himself. Already in the eleventh century Life of St. Bernard, we are told how

Frederic, a Cardinal-priest of the Holy Roman Church, and afterwards Archbishop of Ravenna, a Saxon by race and a mere youth in age, but a greybeard in the rectitude of his character, was chosen and despatched as the vicar of our apostolic Lord, not less gorgeously apparelled with the apostolic vestments and insignia than if he was the Pope himself.²

It is expressly mentioned of Cardinal Ottoboni, who was sent to England as Legate in 1266 by Clement IV. that he came in red apparel (*cum rubeis indumentis*),³ and the canonists of the same century were agreed that this use of scarlet (*vestis rubea*) was occasionally admissible by special permission of the Pope, or in the case of legates *a latere* who were sent into regions beyond the seas (*trans mare*).⁴ Thus there seems every reason for holding with Sägmüller that the red hats conceded by Innocent IV. were merely a bit of purple borrowed from the privileges of legates and emblematic of the participation of their owners in the burdens of the supreme papal authority. It is also clear that something of luxury and ostentation was thought to be involved in this use of purple, for the wearing of the red biretta was not conceded to Cardinals who belonged to Religious Orders until the close of the sixteenth century, and to this day the Cardinals who are regulars, wear for the most part, not red silk, but woollen robes, of the colour of the habit of their respective Orders.

At what period the solemn conferring of the hat in public consistory came to be associated with a special ceremonial of its own, and to be regarded as the supreme and most significant formality in the making of a Cardinal,

¹ Sägmüller, *Die Thätigkeit*, p. 165.

² Vita Bernardi, in M. E. H. Scriptores; vol. iv. p. 769, and cf. Sägmüller, *Die Thätigkeit und Stellung der Cardinäle bis Papst Bonifaz VIII.* p. 164.

³ *Flores Historiarum*, Rolls Series, vol. iii., p. 9.

⁴ See Hostiensis, Gloss in 23, x. *De Privil.* v. 33.

does not seem certain. But a document lately discovered by Mgr. P. M. Baumgarten¹ makes it clear that already in 1316, and probably earlier, a tradition had grown up in virtue of which the delivery of the hat was regarded as the outward sign of promotion to the cardinalial dignity. Further, it is plain that even before that date the Popes insisted that the hat must be bestowed in the papal Court itself, and not sent to recipients at a distance, unless for the gravest reasons. This is the rule which still obtains to-day, and in the little introduction prefixed by Mgr. Baumgarten to the document referred to, he calls attention to the procedure followed in the case of Cardinal Newman, and remarks that the sending of the hat to him in England was a sufficiently rare departure from the ordinary usage of the papal Court and lent marked emphasis to the honour thus bestowed. The letter of Pope John XXII. to the King of France in 1316, which Mgr. Baumgarten has published, is too long to translate here, but its purport is to make excuses to the King for the delay which had taken place in raising to the Cardinalate two *protégés* of King Philip. It was necessary, the Pope urges, to have the two candidates actually at the papal Court. "By the laudable custom of the Church of Rome" there could, he said, be no question of sending the hat (*pilleum*) to persons at a distance, unless some reasonable cause dictated such a course. Only in three instances was there record of this hat being sent beyond the Curia (*reperimus extra curiam ipsam pilleum fuisse transmissum*). One was the case of Guido Le Gros, created Cardinal by Urban IV. in 1261, when on a mission to England, in which he was never able to set foot. He afterwards became Pope as Clement IV. The other two cases specified in the letter, belonged to the year 1312, in the pontificate of Clement V.

The terms of John XXII.'s missive to the French King, make it abundantly clear that at the papal Court in 1316, to bestow the hat and to promote to the cardinalate, were regarded as equivalent expressions. The *Paradiso* of the *Divina Commedia* can only have been written a year or two later, and here we find Dante not only using the same language, but assuming that the hat had been identified with the office of Cardinal from time immemorial,

¹Published by him in the *Historisches Jahrbuch*, vol. xxvi. (1905), p. 103.

for he introduces St. Peter Damian, who was created Cardinal in 1058, as saying:

Poca vita mortal m'era rimasa
Quando fui chiesto e tratto a quel cappello
Che pur di male in peggio si travasa.

(Little of mortal life was left to me when I was called and drawn unto the hat which doth but change from bad receptacle to worse.)¹

By assuming the existence of the Cardinal's hat in the middle of the eleventh century, Dante commits an anachronism of nearly two hundred years, but he indicates at the same time how firmly the association of the office with its external emblem had taken root in the popular mind hardly seventy years after it was first thought of. From that time the literature of all countries abounds with references to the red hat of the cardinalate. Thus Froissart, in the account he gives of the election of Pope Urban VI.—I borrow the old translation of Lord Berners—tells us how the Roman populaçe

cried to the cardynalles and sayd: "Sirs, advyse yowe well, if ye deliver us a Pope Romayne, we be content; or elles we will make your heddes reeder than your hattes be."²

Or again, we may note the language of an English political satire of about the year 1449, in which the death of Cardinal Beaufort is thus referred to

Iclosid we have our welvette hatte
That keveryd us from mony stormys browne.³

Whether there was ever any time when Cardinals' hats were made of velvet is not clear. We know that when Pope Paul II. in 1464 granted various additional decorations to the Cardinals, it was proposed that the "Capello Pontificale," their red hat of state, should be made of "silk," which very probably means velvet, but considerable opposition was raised to the proposal on the ground that such luxury was excessive and disedifying. In any case,

¹ *Paradiso*, Canto xxi, ll. 121—123. Translation by Gollancz.

² Froissart, *Chronicle*, ch. 337.

³ Wright, *Political Poems and Songs* (Rolls Series), ii. p. 221. In the MS. the words "welvette hatte" are glossed "Cardinalle."

the rule remains to the present day that the Cardinal's hat should be made of "wool," *i.e.*, felt or cloth, though the lining, ribbons, cords, &c., are of silk.

With regard to the cost of a Cardinal's hat, Mgr. P. M. Baumgarten has come across an interesting entry in certain account books of the beginning of the fifteenth century, which shows that for these articles a considerable price had to be paid to the privileged tradesman who supplied them. The entry in question attests that on September 26, 1404, there was disbursed to a certain Master Arnold, "who makes prelates' hats" (*qui facit capellos praelatorum*) the sum of fifteen florins current "for one Cardinal's hat" (*pro uno capello cardinalis*), while a further sum had to be expended for a case and for some yards of red and white stuff to wrap it in. Taking this payment with one or two others of a similar nature which he has also met with, Mgr. Baumgarten, after carefully calculating the intrinsic value of the coin and the purchasing power of money at that period, comes to the conclusion that the equivalent in our day would be something over 400 marks, or more than £20.¹ Mgr. Baumgarten considers this sum as "extraordinarily high," but one does not feel sure that the modern army tailor, or at any rate, the firms who provide military uniforms for the British officer, would be disposed to agree with such an estimate.

And here I may note that it is thoroughly in accordance with the story told above from Fra Francis Pipino that throughout all its history the practical use of the Cardinal's distinctive head-dress has been limited to functions out of doors,² as for example, and in particular to such occasions as when the princes of the Church make any solemn progress on horseback. A very good idea of the shapes of the Cardinals' hats in pre-Reformation times is given by the annexed sketch (Fig. 1), an accurate copy of a drawing found in one of the manuscripts of the chronicler, Ulrich Richental, which represents three of the Cardinals journeying to the Council of Constance. It

¹ See the *Historisches Jahrbuch*, vol. xxvi. (1905), pp. 696, 697.

² There is some difference of opinion as to whether Cardinals in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, before the red biretta was conceded to them by Paul II., used the hat on such occasions as consistories, synods and receptions. The paintings of Pinturicchio and other artists certainly seem to imply this. But one cannot always trust mediæval pictures for such details. The hat was at any rate not used with the sacred vestments.

will be noticed even here, but much more unmistakably in the next woodcut (Fig. 2), that the Cardinal first drew his hood over his head, and then super-imposed the great red hat. The whole idea was one of encountering the elements and finding protection against sunshine and rain. The rows of tassels which are so conspicuous in the heraldic presentment of the Cardinal's hat, do not, and apparently never did, form part of the head-dress as actually worn. They have come to be added to the hat when symbolically displayed at the lying-in-state of the body of the



Fig. 1. Cardinals journeying to the Council of Constance.
Reproduced from an early manuscript of Ulrich Richental.

deceased owner, or when afterwards hanging upon the wall of the church in which his mortal remains repose, or are conceived to repose, but for practical purposes the hat is and was secured under the chin by two cords passing through a sliding gold acorn and ending in a single tassel. This is clearly seen in the representation of the Cardinal on horseback (Fig. 2), attired as it was the custom for members of the Sacred College still to robe themselves when taking part in the solemn cavalcade to the Lateran at the beginning of each pontificate. The engraving is taken from Buonanni's *Gerarchia Ecclesiastica* which appeared in 1720. Even in Buonanni's time the intro-

duction of coaches had made the spectacle of a Cardinal on horseback a sufficiently rare one, but some of the occupants of the papal chair still insisted on the primitive



Fig. 2. Cardinal on Horseback, 1720.

From Buonanni's *Gerarchia*.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Sands.)

cavalcade of ancient days being carried out with strict attention to traditional usages. Why the hat worn by Cardinals on such occasions, and seen again in No. 1 of

another engraving of Buonanni's *Gerarchia* (here reproduced as Fig. 3), was and is called the "Cappello Pontificale" is not entirely clear. It does not differ in shape from that styled "Semi-pontificale" (Fig. 3, No. 4), which last was worn in similar cavalcades by protonotaries and other high officials, though, of course, it was not in their case scarlet in colour. But the "Capello Pontificale" was the Cardinal's hat *par excellence*, that conferred by the Pope in public consistory, and Buonanni explains that it was so called because it was *stabilito con legge pontificia*, i.e., the hat officially prescribed by the pontifical Court.

The occasion of the conferring of the hat upon the new Cardinals in public consistory, has for ages past been fenced round with a most elaborate code of *étiquette*, which minutely regulates the visits to be paid and received, the details of behaviour and costume, the *honoraria* to be disbursed to various subordinate functionaries, the terms to be used in felicitations and acknowledgments, and many similar matters. The reader will probably be content to pass over these bewildering *minutiae*, but it may be interesting to transcribe a brief account of the delivery of the hat itself, published in English nearly three centuries ago, but representing faithfully enough what still takes place to-day. According to this

The Pope . . . pronounceth the Cardinal whom he intends to make, and in the same Consistory causes him to be called in, where kneeling downe at His Holiness' feet, the Pope puts the red hatt on his head, and making the signe of the Crosse on it, he sayes to him *Esto Cardinalis*, &c. "Be thou a Cardinal, and weare this red hatt as a signe that thou wilt without feare expose thyself even to death and the effusion of thy dearest blood, for the exaltation of the holy faith, for the peace and quiet of Christian people, and augmenting the state of the holy Roman Church, in the name of the Father and of the Sonne and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Then the new Cardinal takes off the Hatt from his head and kisseth His Holiness' feet.¹

To judge from an insertion found in one of the manuscripts collated by Gattico, a somewhat shorter form for the delivery of the hat was used in the fifteenth century,

¹ H. Cogan, *The Court of Rome*, p. 115, London, 1654.

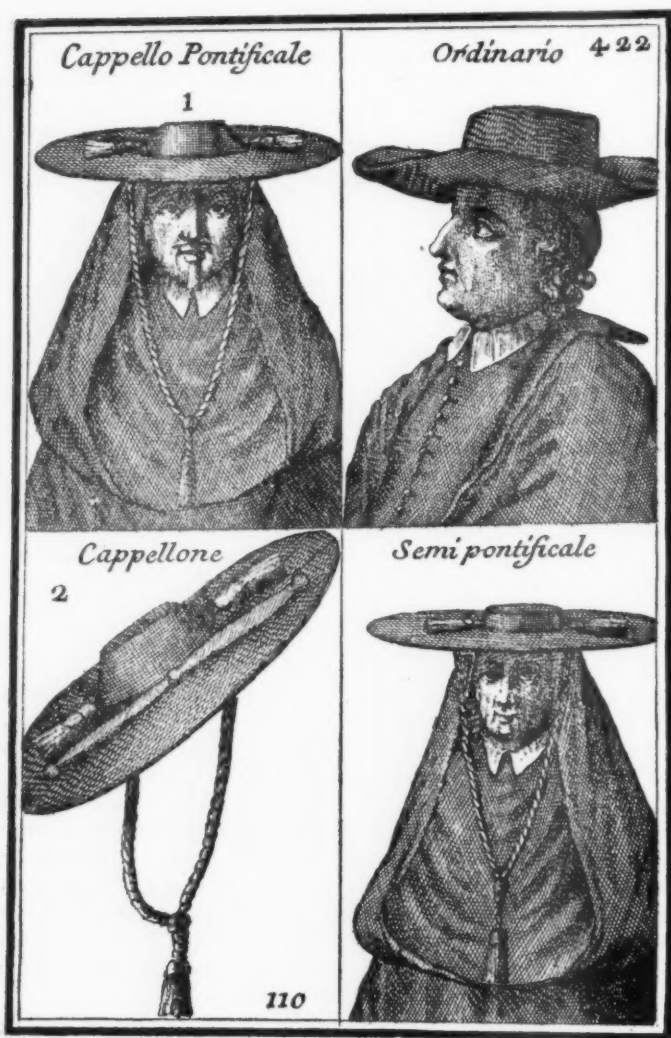


Fig. 3. Cardinals' Hats in 1720.
 From Buonanni's *Gerarchia*.
 (By kind permission of Messrs. Sands.)

but the general purport is identical with that just quoted.¹

The hat figured on No. 2 in our third illustration, and described as "Cappellone," is still at least theoretically owned by every Cardinal.² It has now apparently no practical use, but it is interesting for the name of "parasole," which it has borne for many centuries. It was, in fact, a primitive type of parasol. In processions of the Blessed Sacrament, even their Eminences, the Cardinals, were supposed to walk or ride bareheaded, and any proper canopy was reserved for the Supreme Pontiff carrying the Monstrance with the Sacred Host. But to shelter their Eminences from the burning rays of the sun, use was made of an abnormally large Cardinal's hat, the "Cappellone," and this was held by a liveried servant over his master's head. Mgr. Barbier de Montault seems to imply that the "Cappellone" still appears at canonizations and processions of the Blessed Sacrament, but it is now only carried over the left arm of the dean of each Cardinal's household.

Lastly it may be noticed that both the sepulchral and the heraldic use of the "Cappello pontificale" are of sufficiently ancient date. What may be the precise antiquity of the oldest Cardinal's hat, now dropping to pieces in the cathedral of Milan, I am unable to say, but Torrigio, in 1626,³ speaks of the hat of a certain Cardinal Marino Vulcano, which at that date was hanging in the Church of Santa Maria Nuova in Rome. As the Cardinal in question died in 1390, the hat must have been hanging there for 236 years. We may consequently feel safe in tracing the custom of suspending the hat above the tomb to the fourteenth century.

A similar date seems to be assignable for the introduction of the Cardinal's hat into heraldry. The practice of using it to ensign the shield is said to have come from Spain. Certainly, a very beautiful specimen is to be found in the seal of Cardinal John de Carvajal, belong-

¹ Gattico, *Acta Ceremonialia*, p. 62, note. It runs thus: "Ad laudem Dei omnipotentis, exaltationem quoque Catholicae fidei, pro qua etiam paratus sis, si expediat, proprium sanguinem fundere, damus et capiti tuo imponimus cappellum rubeum."

² This is what I infer from Barbier de Montault, *Le Costume et les Usages ecclésiastiques*, vol. ii. p. 349. The writer was intimately acquainted with such details and the book was published as late as 1900.

³ Torrigio, *Grotte Vaticane* (Ed. 1639), p. 417.

ing to the middle of the fifteenth century, which shows two shields, each surmounted by a hat, with apparently three rows of tassels.¹ But there are other examples much older than this. One such seal in the French National Archives is attached to a document of 1370, and belongs to Cardinal John de Dormans. Another, the signet of Cardinal John of Præneste, attests a document of 1379.² Earlier still, in certain seals of the thirteenth century we seem to find Cardinals represented who are wearing hats relatively much smaller and higher than those of later times.³ But though Mr. Birch favours this view, we cannot be sure what kind of head-dress is really meant.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Birch, *Catalogue of Seals of British Museum*, VI., no. 22140.

² Douët d'Arcq, *Collection de Sceaux*, nn. 6189, seq.

³ See Birch, *Catalogue*, nn. 22112, and 22124.

The French Novel in a New Rôle.

NEARLY four years ago,¹ the present writer ventured to put before readers of *THE MONTH* a plea for mitigation of judgment in the matter of French fiction, a branch of art which the prevalence of a certain lawless school had brought into deservedly bad odour with all decent-minded persons. In the interval the hopeful tendencies then pointed out have become much more marked, and it may be useful to recur to this consoling aspect of affairs prevailing in a country wherein there seems so little else to console the convinced and earnest Catholic. It is impossible, however, to start on such a congenial task without a few words as to the peculiar position which our own literature has gradually assumed *vis à vis* to the work of our neighbours. One special point will thus, I think, stand out all the clearer, and show how much more the question involves than mere preference for the literature of one country over that of another. It is perhaps too sweeping an assertion to say, with a contemporary, that the very brilliant group of men in England, whose work has been foremost before the British public for some twenty years, has gone backwards in a literary sense, but in regard to moral values we must admit a decided retrogression. The phenomenon, indeed, is very marked. Whilst we in England have been forced to watch many of our keenest intellects ranging themselves on the side of a pessimistic and systematic negation of almost every form of moral beauty, the French have gradually beheld their best writers first abjuring their own past errors in both the literary and spiritual sense, and then encouraging the rise of a school of wholesome-minded followers. The explanation of a movement like this among a few well-known Frenchmen of great literary eminence, will vary according to the mental attitude of the critics of Bourget, Brunetière,

¹ See "Some Hope for French Fiction," *THE MONTH*, February, 1908.

Coppée, Verlaine, Huysmans, Retté, and others, but even if there lurk a grain of truth in the objection most frequently heard, that conversion in some of these cases was but an intellectual *volte-face*, in search of new experiences—still no accusations of that kind can be brought against the vigorous young army who are following these war-worn chiefs with such signal success.

Before leaving the domain of comparison, never a pleasant one at best, one may wonder whether the cause of British decadence, in this matter, is a desire to evade the charge of ridiculous prudery so long levelled at the "Anglo-Saxon" mind. Perhaps a great deal of what offends and repels us in recent English novels is merely a violent expression of the sentiment which provoked the French cobbler in the days of Voltaire, to utter his proud boast: "*Je ne suis qu'un pauvre cordonnier, mais je ne crois pas en Dieu, pas plus que les autres.*" In other words, our writers would seem afraid of being left out of the great world-concert of pessimism and rationalism which the literature of other countries is conducting so inharmoniously, and thus it is that, while we are proudly adding notes of our own, such as those produced by a very popular type of female fiction, and by a special class of novel which advocates a combination of pure morals and atheism, our sister, France, has evidently grown tired of playing first fiddle amidst such moral cacophony, and has resolved to tune her instrument to another purpose. May all the other performers have grace to follow her excellent example!

Let us now turn to a closer consideration of the particular school of writers alluded to. No new movement can be without some ill-judged followers, no army without some feeble and inadequate soldiers. A purer ideal in French fiction has produced many writers who would not have had a hearing in the old days, and who, frankly speaking, do not deserve one now. We must not lose sight of the fact, however much ill-instructed and prejudiced (if zealous) persons, may try to ignore it, that the novel is by no means a small thing in literature. Technical books, memoirs, biographies, scientific treatises, and volumes of research, have each their special work to do; but in the novel there is a personal appeal, it speaks from heart to heart, not merely from mind to mind, and we are constantly learning how deep an influence contemporary fiction has

on contemporary thought. Fiction is a real force in education. It is even more than this; it is a means of moulding character, the more efficacious because often unperceived. Most great movements depend largely on their literature for influence; and questions of the emotions, the affections, and the temperament (that hard-worked word), are frequently fought out and decided in the pages of fiction. For one person who will take his views on ethics from more serious sources, twenty will take them from some really great novel which has been thoroughly read or often discussed. Hence, what we take for effect may often be cause, and the change of tone in fiction on either side of the Channel may have much to do with other changes we see in the respective English and French views of life.

This being so, we have a right to rule out of court all these feeble-minded sermonizers who have slipped in among the new and effective school of healthy French novelists. Their futile pietisms would discredit any movement, and only lend colour to the old reproach that goodness and morality must be inartistic, insipid, and invertebrate. And we must also resolutely set aside all those writers of the *bien pensant* group who use their more or less brilliant pens to propagate some pet political theory in the name of the Church, those *snobs de littérature* who can only write "Finis" with any satisfaction when their hero is a titled legitimist. What we want in French fiction—and what, thank God, we are in a fair way to get—are works of art, of which the ethics are founded upon the stable canons of Catholic morality, whilst their moral is unavoidable, but also unobtrusive, and their beauty of conception and charm of style provide a fit substitute for those classics of French fiction which, as wedding the highest artistic skill to the lowest purpose, conscience compels us to leave unread.

No more striking instance of this union of art and morality could be found than the work of Henri Bordeaux, a modern writer now fast establishing a solid reputation on one side, at any rate, of the Channel. To him I shall presently return, but meanwhile I may point to what may possibly be one source of his inspiration, viz., the books of George Fonsegrive ("Yves le Querdec"), especially his novel, which is not so well known in England as it deserves, *Le Fils de l'Esprit*. Fonsegrive stands as well as any one for the type of leader to whom we owe such men as

Bordeaux. Bordeaux is avowedly the disciple of Maurice Barrès, but the latter does not illustrate nearly so typically as Fonsegrive the change of spirit on which I am dwelling. Barrès, for all that he is a great artist, has in some of his works gone too close to what wise French catalogues call *la limite du permis*, whilst his innocuous novels, such as *Colette Baudouche*, literally reek as a rule of his special grievance, the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Fonsegrive is Republican in his sympathies, but he *can* coax his pen to draw a sympathetic *ci-devant*, as in the immortal *Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne*.

Both sexes have their share in this beneficent revival of right thinking in fiction. Mme. J. Reynès-Monlaur, author of *Le Rayon*, *Jérusalem*, &c., enjoys a great and well-deserved vogue among Catholic readers. A later book by the same author, *Le Sceau*, is an exquisite piece of work, and deals with the delicate conflicting claims of the world and the cloister in a way which proves to us how valuable a weapon is literary art, even in things of the soul. A host of lesser lights, such as Pravioux, Roger Dombre, Mathilde Alanic, and the charming writer long and well-known as Jean de la Brète, whose work is so individual, are now shining in the literary sky of France, round the great luminary Paul Bourget, almost the last survivor of the notable group, which, so to speak, publicly recanted.

We hear a great deal now of thought-transference, of the infection of crime, the danger of reading about suicides, murders, burglaries, &c. May there not be a beneficent form of this obsession pervading the literary atmosphere, and affecting the minds of those living and writing in one country at the same time? When such a master as Bourget produces a novel like *L'Étape*, which, though sometimes startling in its outspokenness, is just as frank and open in implying the author's submission to Catholic faith and teaching, is it not conceivable that others may feel not only the literary stimulus, but see something also of the real beauty of holiness? If we put it no higher than to say there is a fashion in literature, this is undeniably so, for one of the two Marguerittes, writers who do not in any sense enter the category under discussion, calls a recent novel *La Faiblesse humaine* (a title in itself a concession), and makes his heroine a virtuous wife, the very first of her sex, I should think, to

play this rôle in the novel of a free-thinking Frenchman. Not content with this, the author actually brings his loose-living hero-husband to a sort of repentance, and leaves him in his wife's arms, singing the praises of innocent domestic joys! Surely this is a most hopeful sign of the times. Of like import would seem to be the fact that Marcel Prévost, in his charming and quite pure *Lettres à Francine*, tells his heroine, the type of innocent girlhood, to avoid his own earlier books!

If I quote these names and facts, it is to show what a noble mission this modern group of Catholic French novelists have before them; how their literary gifts may enhance the loveliness of virtue and cause some even of their free-thinking brethren to follow them from afar off.

To come now to the name I began with, Henri Bordeaux; one of the latest, and certainly the best worth reading, of this sound, yet brilliant school. I could name a group of novels—*Le Pays Natal*, *Le Lac Noir*, *La Voie sans retour*, *Les Yeux qui s'ouvrent*, *La Croisée des Chemins*, *Les Roquevillard*, *La Robe de Laine*, *Le Carnet d'un Stagiaire*—which are a literature in themselves. If the last-named is in any sense autobiographical, the author was educated as a lawyer, but his literary gift is so great that he can make even legal technicalities clear and interesting. The great trial scene of *Les Roquevillard* certainly tests one's knowledge of French law-terms and processes, but the stories from the *Carnet* do not savour unpleasantly of the dusty purlieus of the law because extracted from the note-book of a law-student. *La Robe de Laine* is an exquisite paraphrase of the Lord of Burleigh: no higher compliment can be paid it than to say it does not jar with one's memories of the lovely verses Tennyson wrote on the old ballad theme. *Les Yeux qui s'ouvrent* is one of those wonderful *tranches de vie* which show us how tragic the commonplace can be. *La Croisée des Chemins* touches thinner ice than any of the others, and portrays the type of woman so justly hated by good and bad alike, the woman who plays with vice in sheer cold-blooded vanity, and whose attraction is for the brink of precipices, whither she leads her victims in the hope that they will fall, while she remains on the safe heights above. *Le Lac Noir* is a powerful book, with no love interest in it whatever, but teaching much the same

lesson as Monsignor Benson's *The Necromancers*. All this work, if I am correct, has been done within the last twelve or thirteen years, and is, once and for all, an answer to the perpetual parrot-cry that "nothing good can come out of Nazareth." It would be too much to hope for, or expect, an entire race of Henri Bordeauxs, but I trust to the infection or telepathy of which I spoke earlier, to spread from him to many others who, though they may not wholly reproduce (a man's gifts are his own), may worthily imitate him. Imitation, as well as being the sincerest flattery, may also, as we know from Stevenson, be a valuable literary training.

When the great Brunetière died (to name a man of letters outside fiction), a school of young writers was already full of his traditions, and M. Georges Goyau is a noteworthy transmitter of the great torch lighted then. If I do not give Mme. Lucie-Felix-Faure-Goyau the place to which her splendid literary work for the Church entitles her, it is because she has not yet bestowed a novel on the world, and my space in this article is for fiction only.

But to return to Bordeaux. I spoke just now of unobtrusive morality, and we all know that all real morality is Christian, *i.e.* Catholic. Such of my readers who have not yet read any of his books, must not expect to find there the crude and unconvincing plots of those writers who strike their characters dead for passing a church without entering it, and who cause conversions to follow on arguments unworthy of the reasoning powers of a child of five. Neither must they look for sickly love-motives intertwined with an underlying scorn of marriage as opposed to vocations to the cloister, a most unhappy flavouring given to some novels of the would-be edifying school. If Almighty God and Holy Church have blessed the Sacrament of Marriage for those who have not a higher vocation to the cloister, it is not for fourth-rate writers, faulty alike in theology and literary education, to preach a new Gospel, in which "those whom God hath joined together" would have been better apart in religious houses. Bordeaux is free from all these trammelling defects; he is an artist, he sees God, nature, morals and still-life in a beautiful framework of harmony, which is convincing in its very simplicity. He has intuitions which he does not force upon us in the guise of realism, and has

mastered the great fact that true art need not descend to meretricious aids from either sensationalism or word-photography, in order to give us a picture of life as the sane and normal man beholds it. He practises a true economy in whatever materials are necessary for his picture, and only when a situation could not possibly convey any meaning to the reader without them, does he put painful realities into words. When describing beautiful, dignified work of this kind, one is hampered by the fact that current terms have become defaced by misuse, but *symbolism* is the only expression which really renders some aspects of Bordeaux's writing. The lovers' meetings in *Les Roquevillard*, with the image of ruin and decay threatening their ill-fated and unblessed union, is symbolism in its best and truest sense. On the other hand, pages from *Le Carnet d'un Stagiaire* are *real* with a force which not all the repulsive scenes (written, as our neighbours frankly admit, *pour épater les bourgeois*) of modern free-thinking novelists can surpass. A short story in *Le Carnet*, describing a night spent in a mountain presbytery, touches the difficult question of holy familiarity with sacred topics in a way that ought to delight the whole Catholic reading world, so perfectly does it strike the true balance. Bordeaux's priests are neither the unreal, senile dodderers who move under the limelight of romantic fiction, nor the offensively jocular and commonplace personages whom some authors seem to have pledged themselves to describe whenever they require "clerical relief." His heroes are neither the mawkish detrimentals of an earlier school of French novelists, who, while making quixotic vows about their high lineage and ragged coats, manage to secure the big dowries and the candid blue eyes of the nearest heiresses, nor the *arrivistes* of a later period, who obligingly marry whomsoever their fair and frail married friends suggest. Above all, the wives of Bordeaux's novels are women, and not dolls tricked out to represent either the extreme of vice, or an unconvincing and utterly unreal degree of sanctity. When necessary, as in *La Croisée des Chemins*, he tears the veil from a character long dear to French novelists, and in *La Robe de Laine*, without any violent diatribe, he gives us in a few quiet lines the portrait of a woman we may have known, yet never hoped to find described, the woman who, while torn with real grief, is half proud in

her heart of hearts, of the unstinted money lavished on her doomed and dying daughter by the rich son-in-law, who has not known how to make his wife happy in her brief married life.

Bordeaux's writings are made up of as much harmony and discord as Nature is, no more and no less; but every now and then we catch the deep and steady note of reliance on God, so conspicuously absent from much good writing in our day. The moral of his books is unobtrusive, but his characters move in a steady rhythm towards the light, we feel there is no confusion in the author's mind on any ethical point, and we can never for a moment be mistaken as to his own sympathy with true righteousness.

We now come to the author of the novel *Madame Corentine*, a translation of which begins in this issue as an opportune illustration of my theme. What can be said of Bazin to Catholic readers which they do not know already? Of course, there has arisen the usual amount of criticism and discussion over his various books, which no great author escapes. But it is far more possible to generalize concerning his work as a whole than it usually is in such cases. A uniform tone of purity, of steady purpose, of virile strength and honesty, may be said to colour all his writing. We may be divided as to the expediency or the necessity of some of his episodes and characters, but no one can deny him a place among really great novelists in every sense of the word. A tendency to confine his genius to descriptions of life among, at most, two classes of people, may be considered a limitation, whether natural or voluntary. Be that as it may, his books take us into an atmosphere so pure in both the material and the spiritual sense, that we must not cavil at their uniformity. One of the great things we have to be thankful for in René Bazin is that his art is worthy of the high lessons he teaches. To quote a saying for which I am unable to give an author, "It is sometimes better not to hear the melody at all, than to hear it played out of tune." Now, in Bazin, we get the melody, *i.e.*, the pure, unmistakable Catholic note, and it strikes absolutely true. No weakness or hesitation of any kind stops the master's hand when he touches on anything spiritual, and all is framed in a style so perfect that many who read his books for their literary beauty alone, gradually

awaken to the greater depths which lie below. Art, in her plastic and pictorial forms, may well be made the handmaid of religion, but art in literature can do even more to teach lessons of purity and holiness than the most wonderful pictures and statues in the world. We have too long been accustomed to consider that distinctive Catholic morality must necessarily be divorced from artistic form when it is conveyed through the medium of fiction, and the "novel with a purpose" is too often handicapped either by obvious or improbable conclusions. Accordingly, authors such as Bourget, Bordeaux, or Bazin, in providing a literary setting worthy of the jewel, are rendering the Catholic faith a service, the more valuable because so rare. In Bazin, even when his books have no definite point to illustrate, there is no sense of a man stooping to his theme, as if he only condescended to make his work pure and moral, because that is his particular *genre*. We feel he holds the banner of his convictions high, so high that all men may see and read the device it carries.

In the construction of his plots we find the same characteristics as mark those of Henri Bordeaux; there is no forcing of the note, no hard and fast rule that all the characters must run on wooden lines like the cardboard villains and angels of a toy theatre. They are men and women "in their habit as they live," drawn for us by an inspired craftsman, and showing, whether by example or by defect, the beauty of the Christian ideal, apart from which all is deformity or illusion.

I venture to hope, then, that English readers may be persuaded to look for and to find in the authors I have thus briefly and inadequately discussed, that satisfactory combination of high literature and sound morality to which the works of their own contemporary writers of note are, to a very large extent, strangers.

LILIAN MARION LEGGATT.

The "Word" of God: Pagan and Jewish Background.¹

II. MYTHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENTS.

YET this Logos-lore was not a philosophy alone, not even a religious philosophy. It became markedly mythological. The mystery of Egypt had always fascinated the volatile Greek, and now the Ptolemies had thrown open the great libraries of Alexandria and the temple archives to students. At Alexandria the allegorizing spirit, so tenacious of life in the Christian Fathers of that school, was already strong, and found identical tendencies in the Greeks, who indeed were forced to allegorize their ancient books, such as Homer, if that old literature, which they so passionately worshipped, was still to satisfy their always responsive, but fast developing, religious sense. Moreover, the anthropomorphic Greek could never help decorating his impressions and even ideas in more or less human form.

The consequences of all this were profound. The Logos-doctrines were on the one hand used as the key to a now allegorized mythology; some myths, on the other, too stubborn to yield to this soliciting, served to array the Logos-doctrines and actually modified them.

At first Zeus, the One Supreme, was the natural symbol under which to speak of the Logos. Agathodæmon, "Good Spirit" (an intensely Persian notion, this); Pan, who is the All; Atlas, who upholds the heavens; Eros-Love, who makes the world go round; above all, the well-loved Herakles, so prominent in popular worship, the incarnation of *effort*, of *work* in the world—the tenseness of whose bow was interpreted of the *τόνος*, the strain throughout the universe—all these, at one time or another, made robes for the concept of the Logos, and tended to *personify* that abstract notion or invisible force. But none of these

¹ Continued from THE MONTH, last issue.

so caught popular imagination as the identification of the Logos with Hermes, of whom myth told that he invented speech, and was messenger of God to man. Long ago, Hermes had himself been identified with the Egyptian Thoth, who devised the Alphabet, gave literature and mathematics to man, and created the universe by no "muscular effort," but by his sole Omnipotent Word. Eight centuries before Christ this office of Thoth had been hymned: under the Ptolemies, "Thoth," and "Hermes Trismegistos," Thrice-Greatest, were convertible names. Notice, what predominates is not their immanence, their character of Logos, *i.e.*, reason, Thought, word-in-the-soul; but Logos frankly the *spoken word*, intermediary between one mind and another, God's messenger to man. Nothing could uproot this feeling about Hermes. Hence, rather than wholly volatilize this warm-blooded, sympathetic personality, the still fluid, too abstract *Logos*-notion was itself modified by him, and it comes more and more to represent the *Logos* as a middle-term, the expression of God's self, or thought, to and in the creation; and the tendency to represent it too in terms of *personality* is marked.

Plutarch,—whom we mention here, because though he was born just when Philo died (c. 50 A.D.), he continues and hands on a predominantly Greek tradition, while Philo, in spite of himself, remains a Jew—gathers from all sides, and applies to his *Logos*-system, all manner of myths. But with him Platonic dualism conquers anew. God is wholly transcendent: matter is self-existent, eternal, inert, law-less. God gives it life and meaning by impressing on it His own Logos, the exemplar of all organized creation, past or future, and the source of its energy. Here then the Stoic ideal of Law and Force unites with Plato's dualism. Providence is not *merely* an immanent, impersonal, Necessity stretching into, only because mechanically preparing, the future. It is an impulse from outside, from a personal God. Moral law is *imposed* by God, and does not *emerge* from nature. Providence pre-supposes nature, and intervenes to correct and elevate it. Or rather, mere matter is unworthy the name of Nature; a thing finds its true self only in the Divinely impressed scheme; "Stronger is the bond," says Plutarch, "which girds the universe about, when it is girded not according to nature, but according to the *Logos*." And what is true for the

universe, is true also for each individual soul. This, I think, is the nearest approach that I know of among pagans to the Christian doctrine of grace and the supernatural. But all this Plutarch stated in terms of many myths. To explain his method, I will give one example.

Osiris, said the legend, had been slain and dismembered by the evil serpent Set: his spouse, Isis, sought for the fragments of his body over all the earth; and Osiris, restored to life, becomes judge of all souls after death; and they, once purified, are substantially united with him, and are named, themselves, Osiris.

Osiris is, says Plutarch, the divine Word, Spirit, Truth, Light, Life. *Set*, cosmologically, is matter,—ethically, Sin, Falsehood, symbolized by Darkness. In this world, spirit is immersed in matter, truth mated with a lie, the light struggles with black night. The Logos is mutilated, dismembered, but cannot wholly perish. Immortal, indestructible, it finds a resurrection; in the end, the disfigured plan shall be re-perfected; on the basis of this ideal, all souls shall be judged; not until all deformity have been purged away shall they be pronounced its faithful counterpart; and, behold, by the mere fact of that conformity, they have become organically united with Itself. On this the pagan writes:

This thing that our priests to-day, with prayer for mercy and in dim revelation, most reverently do hint, even that Osiris is King and Lord among the dead, bewilders the minds of most men who know not how the truth of this thing is. For they fancy that Osiris, in whom most surely is all holiness of God and of nature ¹ is thus said to be in the earth and beneath the earth, where are hidden the bodies of those who seem to have had their end. But Osiris self is far indeed from earth, untouched, undefiled, immaculate of all substance that admits of corruption and of death. And souls of men, here in the embrace of bodies and of passions, have no communion with the God save as in a dream, a dim touch of knowledge through philosophy. But when they are set free, and shift their homes into that Formless and Invisible and Impassible and Pure, then in truth is God their Leader and their King, even this God, so that fastened unto Him, and insatiably contemplating and desiring that Beauty Ineffable and indescribable of man—wherewith the old legend would have it that Isis

¹ Plutarch fancifully derived the name *Osiris* from the twofold sanctity expressed by the words *ἅγιος* and *ιερός*.

was in love, and did ever pursue and with it consort—all beings there are fulfilled of all the good and fair things that have share in creation.¹

The treatment of this section has been short, chiefly because the principles are easily formulated, and nothing remains save to illustrate them by quoting many myths. Only through one other phase did the Logos-doctrine pass before definitely facing Christian Apologetic. Through Cornutus (c. 60 A.D.), Seneca (70 A.D.), and Epictetus, we reach the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, to whom St. Justin and Athenagoras addressed their Apologies. But the pagan system has reached its term. Thoroughly monistic, once more, the Emperor's philosophy is mingled, none the less, with Platonist symbolism; yet, so flagging is the current, that it cannot waken in him that splendid optimism and impetus of the earlier Stoic philosophers. He exults, at times, no doubt, in the tremendous spectacle of Nature and universal Law; he rebukes himself, because it seems so easy to love Athens, yet so difficult to cry "Dear City of God," when he contemplates the world: but this great thing stuns, not stimulates him; the Logos is One, no doubt, in himself as in the All, yet not for that can he feel himself *cosmocentric*, as did the older thinkers, but an atom merely, swept along in the hurtling rush of Necessity. True, he pictures his *logos* as a spirit in him; he must obey it, serve it and venerate it; and again, keep it pure and undefiled; it is now a tutelary genius; and again, a deposit indescribably precious—and this language marks his debt to Platonism. But in the end, when he sees sin and folly round him, and sickens to feel them in him, when he leaps into eager longing at the thought of personal immortality, and must beat back that desire with the dogma that nothing such exists, well, it is no true optimism that bids him be at peace, reflecting that, if so it is, so it must be; and what must be, must be best.

To the serene, stern Emperor, the two Christians offered their "Apologies." Did he read them? Who can tell. Probably his exhausted soul could scarcely in any case have reacted to their buoyant joyfulness. As I said, the currents of life were slackening; or, at least diverted to new channels.

¹ *Isis and Osiris*, 382, E.

III.—PHILO TO THE END.

Philo died about 50 A.D. His works, as voluminous almost as Plato's or Cicero's, alone remain entire and authentic of that enormous output of Alexandrian (*i.e.*, Hellenized-Jewish) literature of which what else survives is fractional, mutilated, pseudepigraphic, or anonymous. This is probably why we hear so much of him, not because he originated much, or had any very wide and lasting influence. Moreover, now that the reckless assertion that St. John borrowed his Logos-doctrine from Plato has been abandoned—we have seen that Plato personally says nothing about the Logos—it is preferred to derive it from Philo, whose Logos-lore is highly developed and important.

An extraordinary spirit had prevailed for some time among the Jews of Alexandria. Conscious that to them had been committed the oracles of God, yet intellectually awakened by contact with the world, and fired into curiosity by the feverish mental activity of great centres like Alexandria, they perceived that the Jewish religion gave the answer to not one of the philosophical questions which so passionately occupied the Greeks. And no wonder, for the Jewish consciousness had never asked itself those questions. The only question for the Jews was: How explain the history of the chosen nation over whom Yahweh's name was called? and their only answer was in terms of their own sin or righteousness, rewarded by Yahweh, Himself righteous and absolute. But now they stood face to face with alien mythologies and foreign philosophy. Intensely loyal still, intensely national, they resolved to sacrifice nothing. On the one hand they read their own doctrines into the mythologies, and detected an original Jewish inspiration for the Sibylline books, the tales of Thoth, the Orphic mysteries, and the rest; on the other, they now elaborately deduced from their own literature the systems of ethics, psychology, metaphysics, even physics, which they encountered, determined to have priority and primacy all along the line. Manifestly this was impossible without a wholesale allegorizing of their sacred books. Allegory, Philo indeed affirms, is not only a legitimate, but the traditional and true method of exegesis.

Philo mentions sufficient of his predecessors' work to show how purely *representative* was his own. Some of them, in their eagerness to find all science in their scriptures, had suggested that when the text laid down Levi-

tical rules for dismemberment of sacrifices, it did but mean to teach that the All is one, and the one, many. The seven-branched candlestick really hinted at the seven planets; the high-priest wears bright vestments over a purple tunic because the thick, dark air lies beneath the shining ether: the twofold account of the creation in Genesis reveals how, first, the ideal man was created, and placed in some heavenly "intelligible" world; the material man, made later, was set in Paradise. The two cherubim of the tabernacle are the two Cosmic Hemispheres; The "Fathers" to whom Abraham after death "is gathered," are the fixed stars, or the four elements, or absolute ideas. So much for cosmology. As for Ethics, "Pharoah, King of Egypt," means that the soul rules the body. He is served by baker, butler, and butcher, but they are eunuchs; this teaches that the three faculties of the pleasure-seeking soul are sterile for virtue. The tree of life means goodness in its most generic form, and so forth. The Logos was mentioned often enough. The Tragic Ezekiel (c. 180 B.C.?) says it appeared in the burning bush to Moses.

How fantastic this exegesis might become can be illustrated from Philo's treatment of this category *logos*, which of course, he wishes to discover in the Old Testament.¹

¹ Curiously enough (cf. Lebreton *ll. cc.*, and Hackspill, on the "Intellectual setting of the New Testament," *Revue Biblique*, X. 1901. pp. 202 seq.), the *Wisdom* doctrine of the Jews appears not to have primarily affected Philo's *logos*-lore, though St. Paul and even St. John seem steeped in it. And the same seems to hold for the Old Testament treatment of God's Word. As for the *Wisdom* of God, the course of Jewish religion carried this concept far nearer to the dogma of the Third than of the Second Person of the Trinity. Indeed Irenæus, and other Fathers, identify the *Wisdom* with the *Spirit*. It was necessary, given the Jewish temperament, that this *Wisdom* should be conceived, at first, essentially as practical and moral not abstract or contemplative. It appears first, with any noticeable and religious force, in Job, especially ch. xxviii, which is less developed than the doctrine of Proverbs, especially cc. ix, x; though Job, xv. 7, 8, is curiously parallel to Prov. viii. 25. Baruch, iii, iv, echoes both Job and Proverbs. Is there more, even in Proverbs viii. 25, 35—36; ix. sqq. than a metaphor, at best a personification? The parallel personification of Folly, ix. 13, shows that no *hypostasis*, substantial personality, is intended. The relation of this *Wisdom* to God is, at least at first, no more than that of His attribute energizing outwards. That it *pre-exists* its creatures, however, is clear; viii. 22, Eccles. xxiv. 3; indeed, *Wisdom*, though disporting herself among creation, has, it would seem, no active rôle in the world; in spite of the word *κρίνω*, we can never safely diagnose *hypostasis*: we do not know if it represented *gánah* or *bárâ*; and nothing can be built on viii. 24. In the Alexandrian *Wisdom of Solomon*, a distinction between God and His *Wisdom* is more nearly elaborated; she is His exhalation (*ἀρπύς*), tributary (*ἀνόρροια*), effulgence (*ἀπαύγασμα*), mirror (*ἐσόπτρον*), image (*εἰκών*) &c., imagery taken up in detail by the author to the *Hebrews*. *Wisdom* is a spirit (i. 6, ix. 17: vii. 22?), though strongly personified in vii. 27, viii. 1—4, x. She is the universal Artisan in viii. 6, vii. 21; almost the *Logos*

We shall see that he sometimes regards the *logoi*, logically as the "ideas" of things, and, ontologically, as the ideal world, the *place* where these ideas dwell. Hence, whenever the word *place* or *τόπος* appears, he interprets it of the *logos*. Thus in Genesis xxviii. 10, "*he came to the place when the sun had set,*" he proceeds: "Many see in the *sun* the symbol of intelligence and sensation, which we regard as criteria; and in the *place*, the divine *logos*: hence they interpret; the Ascetic meets the divine *logos* when the mortal and human light is set; and indeed as long as the intellect thinks it firmly apprehends the intelligible, and sense the sensible, the divine *logos* is afar; but when they have both recognized their feebleness, and have, so to say, veiled themselves, and set, straightway the true Reason appears, and salutes and embraces the ascetic soul, which, despairing of itself, awaits in the dark Him who must come from without." The Logos-doctrine was agreeable to the de-anthropomorphizing tendencies of post-exilic Israel which are so marked, for instance, in the Septuagint text, noticeably by the progressive substitution of such seemingly intermediate terms as the Angel of Yahweh, the Face, the Glory of Yahweh, the Heavens, for the actual name of God, in contexts where the direct agency of Yahweh had come to seem displeasing to the later Jews. This probably did not matter much to Philo.

C. C. M.

(To be concluded.)

in ix. 1, 2. 'Give me Wisdom which is seated by Thy throne;' and this notion of the wisdom as at once the Gift of God and eternally at rest near, or in God, is prominent in the Theology of the Third Person. But this pale suggestion of duality contains no hint, yet, of the Trinity save to the retrospection of one who has before him the "dogmatizations" of the Epistle to the Hebrews and of the Church. So highly Hellenized, Platonized, and, indeed, Stoicized has the Wisdom category grown, that Clement of Alexandria actually thought (*Str.* v. 14) that it was hence the Stoics had derived their philosophy!

The doctrine of God's creative word, *dābār*, followed that of His wisdom, but remained even more shadowy and came within no real proximity to personification, still less, to hypostasis. We see it in Gen. i. 3; its rapidity of action is spoken of in Ps. xxxiii. 6, cvii. 20, cxlvii. 15, etc.; it is pictured in Zach. v. 1—14 as a flying scroll; in Is. lv. 10, it seems to have an action almost of its own. In the Book of Wisdom, the personification is characteristically more complete, ix. 1, xviii. 15; cf. Ecclesi. xlii. 15; xliii. 26; but these disparate, floating concepts did not, it is safe to say, converge, at least visibly to the Jewish outlook, even Alexandrian. There was not evolved from them a definite dogma, nor the prospect of a Person, united to, yet differentiated from, the Almighty, in whom these attributes should be focussed. The personification of the *Memra* or Word of God, in the Targums, is definitely post-Philonic, and may be due to him; for *Memra* is God's immanent reason-word; *dabar*, His uttered, creative word. and Philo's Logos is normally God's thought, immanent, or uttered only in creation.

*The Virgin of the Rocks.*¹

SOME CONJECTURES AND SOME FACTS.

Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos!—DUNS SCOTUS.

THE documentary and historic evidence that the picture in the National Gallery, popularly called the "Virgin of the Rocks," really came from above the altar for which Leonardo da Vinci painted it, is complete and irrefragable. In 1894, Signor E. Motta published in the *Archivio Storico Lombardo*,² a priceless document which he had discovered, namely a petition of Leonardo and his fellow-worker, Ambrogio Preda, to the Duke of Milan, regarding the final sum to be paid for this picture and the noble frame in which it was to be enshrined. In this petition it is clearly shown that the picture which Leonardo had painted was to form part of a large ancona or altar-piece, the painting and gilding of which was entrusted to Leonardo and Ambrogio by the lay-Confraternity of the Conception for the altar of its newly-built chapel in the great Church of San Francesco in Milan.³ Another priceless bit of information: the petition tells us that "The Madonna," or central picture, was painted entirely "by the aforesaid Florentine," that is to say Leonardo. Lomazzo,⁴ writing in 1584-5, attributes it to Leonardo, and describes it as being in the Chapel of the Conception at San Francesco, and every subsequent writer on Milan, down to 1780, found it still in the same place. The Confraternity of the Conception was suppressed in

¹ This article needs to be read more than once, and the more often read, the less dry, one may hope, will it seem. But it suffers from needful compression and the want of *picks justificatives*. The two photographs are reproduced by leave respectively of Messrs. Alinari, of Florence, and Messrs. W. A. Mansell and Co., of Oxford Street, agents in England for Signor D. Anderson, of Rome.

² Vol. xx., Series 2, pp. 972—996.

³ This church was pulled down in Napoleon's day. Huge barracks now stand on the site, but they bear the name of San Francesco d'Assisi to remind us of former piety and vanished artistic glories.

⁴ *Trattato dell' Arte della Pittura*, &c., lib. ii. cap. xvii., and lib. iv., cap. i.

1781, and its property assigned to two charitable institutions, Leonardo's picture going to the Foundling and Lying-in Hospital of Santa Caterina all Ruota. Dr. Carlo Decio has discovered documents¹ proving beyond a doubt that the hospital sold the picture to Gavin Hamilton in 1785 for the sum of 1,582 francs. Hamilton in turn sold it to the first Marquis of Lansdowne. According to the National Gallery Catalogue,² it later on passed by exchange to the Earls of Suffolk, and continued in their possession at Charlton Park, Wilts, until fortunately acquired by the National Gallery in 1880, for the very moderate sum of £9,000. Thus much, therefore, may be said with absolute confidence: that the National Gallery possesses a picture which came from over an altar that Leonardo was commissioned to decorate with an altar-piece.

Under ordinary circumstances the evidence which I have here all too summarily adduced, would be sufficient to prove that the picture is the actual handiwork of Leonardo himself. For its pedigree is without flaw. But there is in the Louvre another "Virgin of the Rocks" of similar size³ and shape (though differing in one important feature), which bears so unmistakably the impress of Leonardo's paint-work and characteristics, as to oblige us, in spite of irrefragable evidence and flawless pedigree, to pause and ask: Which of these two pictures is the work of Leonardo, seeing that it is difficult to suppose that he would

¹ Published by Dr. Ettore Verga, Director of the Municipal Record Office of Milan (Archivio Storico), in the *Raccolta Vinciana*, fasc. ii, pp. 81-83. The picture is described as badly damaged and daily getting in a worse condition. The Governor's Council compliment the Administrator of the Hospital on having made such an "advantageous sale."

² P. 641.

³ Signor Gerolamo Biscari (in *Arch. Stor. Lomb.*, March, 1910, p. 144 n.) states that M. Lafenestre, Director of the Louvre, and Sir Edward Poynter, when Director of the National Gallery, furnished Signor Gustavo Frizzoni, the well-known art critic, with the following amended measurements:

Louvre Picture: m. 1.975 x 1.13 6 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. ½ in.

National Gallery Picture: 1.89 x 1.19 6 ft. 2 in. x 3 ft. 11 in.

The slight difference in size may be accounted for by a combination of the following circumstances: (1), different system of measurement, in the one case only the visible surface being measured, in the other allowance being made for the small margin hidden under the frame; (2), the Louvre picture has been transferred to canvas, and may have stretched a bit in the process; (3), the National Gallery picture, when bought by Hamilton, was in bad condition; rotting wood round the sides and top may have been cut away. The pictures are so nearly of a size, and so exactly similar in shape, as to warrant us in believing that when first painted they would fit the same altar frame.

have painted two pictures so nearly similar for two different altars? The Louvre picture is wholly without certified origin; it is first mentioned in Cassiano del Pozzo's *Diarium*, published in 1625;¹ we do not know with certainty how it came into the possession of the Kings of France. Then again it is manifestly an altar-piece: why is it no longer over an altar in 1625? It has been attributed to Leonardo entirely on internal evidence; the external evidence is wholly in favour of the National Gallery picture, which in the opinion of many able judges is also strong in internal evidence. Here are some of the names of the judges on both sides:

For the Louvre :

Berenson.
Clement.
Frizzoni.
Koopmann.
Morelli.
Müntz.
Claude Phillips.
Corrado Ricci.
Rio.
W. von Seidlitz.

For the National Gallery :

Wilhelm Bode.
Sir Frederick Burton.
Edward McCurdy.
Müller-Walde.
Mündler.
Passavant.
Sir E. Poynter.
Adolph Rosenberg.
Strzygowski.
Waagen.

The list for the Louvre is, I grant, the stronger of the two. But take the weightiest of them all, Morelli's, and see how that great man can err. In his chapter on Ambrogio Preda² he attributes the copy (*sic*)³ of the "Virgin of the Rocks" in the National Gallery, and the two angels which formed the side panels of the altar-piece, to an "unknown pupil and imitator of Leonardo." Signor Motta had not then made his momentous discovery of the petition to the Duke Lodovico, from which document it is clearly evident that Ambrogio, and no unknown artist, was the painter of these two angels. Morelli has therefore completely failed to identify two fine pieces of work by a painter whom he

¹ Mr. McCurdy's *Leonardo da Vinci*, Bell's Series, 1908, p. 92.

² Italian translation from Ivan Lermolieff's German under the title of *Della Pittura Italiana*, Milan, 1897, pp. 181-2. The original work appeared in 1889.

³ It is no copy, but rather a somewhat similar picture.

dogmatizes about in rather vigorous fashion. Sir Frederick Burton has said: ¹

Internal testimony, inasmuch as it depends upon certain subtle elements, æsthetical and technical, addresses itself to the eye and the artistic sense alone, and cannot be adequately defined in words. Discussion thereon, where language fails to convey any clear conceptions, is apt to degenerate into mere assertion and counter-assertion.

It does sound rather like that to us who are deficient in the sense and outside the circle, but when men of the ability and experience of those whom I have here arrayed in battle order, assert and counter-assert about these two pictures, I think it only reasonable to conjecture, in spite of the apparent impossibility, that the same artist painted both the one and the other.

Another striking discovery in connection with the Virgin of the Rocks has recently been made: no less a find than the contract for the picture itself and the whole ancona. Signor Gerolamo Biscaro discovered it in the Archivio Notarile of Milan, and published it with a fine and suggestive prefatory article in the *Archivio Storico Lombardo* of March 31st, 1910. In his article he is able to show us that the actual structure of the Chapel of the Conception, built outside the apse of the church, and joined to it by an opening made in the wall on the Epistle side, was finished in May, 1479. The frescoing of the ceiling was begun in that year. Then on April 8th, 1480, the Confraternity ordered from a famous Milanese wood-carver, Giacomo del Maino, a large wooden ancona with figures in relief, afterwards to be painted and gilded, which in its totality formed the altar-piece. In the centre was a vacant space, arched at the top, over six feet in height, afterwards to be filled in with Leonardo's panel. On either side there was likewise a vacant space about four feet in height, to be filled, according to the contract, with four angels each, those on the one side playing, on the other side singing. Unquestionably under Leonardo's influence, they were filled instead by one large angel in each, the handiwork of Ambrogio Preda, and both may to-day be seen in our National Gallery (Nos. 1661 and 1662). The rest of

¹ "The Virgin of the Rocks." In the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1894, p. 81.

the ancona was made up of gilded surfaces and figures in relief, the painting of which, we may reasonably conjecture, was done in the main by Ambrogio, with, perhaps, some help from Leonardo, the gilding by Evangelista Preda, who, we now learn for the first time, was associated with his brother and the great Florentine in this work. There was the Eternal Father in the summit, the Blessed Virgin in a central position below, there were angels, Sibyls, houses, mountains, *rocks*, and on either side, always in relief, three scenes from the life of our Lady. (Can Leonardo have got his idea and love of rocks from the work of the wood-carver, Giacomo del Maino?) The centre panel was to have contained "two prophets" (as witnesses to the Immaculate Conception, no doubt,—David and Solomon may have been intended), but as we see Leonardo has deliberately departed from instructions in this respect. All these particulars may be gathered from the *Lista* in the contract itself.¹

The date of the contract is April 25th, 1483. Mr. McCurdy tells us (p. 8) that the first mention of Leonardo at Milan is in 1487. The contract proves that he was established there at the beginning of 1483, he then being thirty-one years of age. The entire work of the ancona was to be ready for the following Feast of the Conception, December 8th, 1483, *die octavo mensis decembris proxime futuri*. The price to be paid for it was 800 Imperial livres (about £400 in the value of modern money) thus distributed: one hundred livres on May 1st following, and forty livres on July 1st, and on every subsequent first of the month, until the whole amount of 800 livres had been made up. A further sum was to be paid by the Confraternity on completion of the work, the amount to be determined—a one-sided arrangement, common and possible in those days—by Frate Agostino, Guardian of San Francesco, and two members of the Confraternity. The whole ancona was to be ready, gilded and painted both in reliefs and panels, by December 8th next. At that date the artists would only have received 340 livres

¹ The Ancona—except its three panels—has wholly disappeared. Let us hope that the information we now have concerning it through Signor Biscaro's important discovery may lead to its identification. Who knows that we may not see it some day in our noble National Gallery with the Virgin of the Rocks and the two Angels enshrined in their proper places?

at the rate above indicated. It is inconceivable that they should have been expected to wait a whole year after delivery for the full balance of the 460 livres still due. The work was costly, and the artists provided their own materials. So as to control the quality of the gold used, the artists were bound by the contract to receive it from the Confraternity at a rate not exceeding three livres and ten soldi *pro quolibet centenaro auri*. As we shall presently see they declared that the whole of the 800 livres had been consumed in expenses. If they had really delivered by December 8th, 1483, they would have been considerably out of pocket. I therefore conjecture, with a very fair show of reason, that the date of delivery in the contract is erroneous, and that the feast following the next Feast of the Conception, *i.e.*, December 8th, 1484, is intended. By November 1st of that year they would have received 780 livres, leaving only twenty livres to be paid on December 1st. The time allowed by the contract would thus practically be covered by the distribution of the money instalments.

Now let us turn to a brief examination of the *Supplica* or petition of Leonardo and Ambrogio to the Duke Lodovico, mentioned at the beginning of this article.¹ The *Supplica*, most unfortunately, is undated. Leonardo da Vinci and Ambrogio Preda (the brother Evangelista does not join in the petition) set forth that they have covenanted with the Confraternity of the Conception to gild and paint a large ancona in relief, and to paint in oils a Madonna and two large angels; that the price to be paid them, which they had duly received, was 800 Imperial livres, *plus* such further amount as might be determined by Frate Agostino and two members of the Confraternity on the work being completed; that the whole of this sum of 800 livres had been consumed in out-of-pocket expenses; that the said suppliants have handed to the said Confraternity a specification showing that the whole work is worth 300 ducats (1,200 livres); that notwithstanding, these three unprofessional judges value at a paltry twenty-five ducats (100 livres) the Madonna done entirely by the hand of

¹ Signor Biscaro has reprinted the "*Supplica*" in the *Archivio Storico Lombardo* of March 31, 1910; it was likewise printed by Frizzoni in the *Archivio Storico dell' Arte*, 1894, pp. 58—61. Sir Frederick Burton gives an able *resumé* of it in the *Nineteenth Century* of July, 1894.

the aforesaid Florentine, whereas it is worth 100 ducats (400 livres) which sum has been offered for it by a person desirous of acquiring the picture. The petitioners go on to ask that the Duke may give orders for the nomination of two expert valuers, one for each side,—either that, or that the Madonna may be left in the possession of the petitioners. Logically, of course, they have no ground of complaint. The Confraternity had paid the sum covenanted; and it rested with them, by the terms of the contract, to declare what further sum they would give. But the sum of 100 livres at which they value Leonardo's "Madonna" is so out of all proportion as to be startling, and suggests some deep-seated cause of complaint on the part of the Confraternity. It is so startlingly insufficient as to have led Signor Diego Sant' Ambrogio to conclude that the original "Virgin of the Rocks" was only a small picture 2 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 2 in., which I have seen with my own eyes over an altar in the parish church of Affori, a suburb of Milan.

We do not know how the Duke Lodovico settled the dispute which had been referred to him. Eager search is being made for the recovery of his decision. Meantime I will venture upon a conjecture never as yet made. There is a constant tradition, first reported, so far as I know, by Carlo Torre in 1674,¹ and repeated by all subsequent writers on Milan down to Bianconi in 1787,² that Leonardo's "Virgin of the Rocks" was first of all in the Church of San Gottardo, being only removed to San Francesco towards the end of Lodovico's reign. It is impossible, of course, that the picture should have been painted for San Gottardo,—the contract tells us all about its origin and destination—but it is not impossible that the first exemplar, now in the Louvre, may have found a habitat in that church. San Gottardo was really the Ducal Chapel, adjoining and communicating with the Ducal Palace. I can conceive the Duke settling the dispute somewhat in this wise: "You, brethren of the Confraternity, decline to pay the Maestro Leonardo more than twenty-five ducats for this beautiful picture; you, Padre Agostino, whom I know for a valiant theologian, tell me that there is a doctrinally objectionable feature in the work; and that

¹ *Il Ritratto di Milano*, Milan, 1674. p. 203; Edition of 1714. p. 190.

² *Nuova Guida di Milano*, Milan, 1787. p. 279.

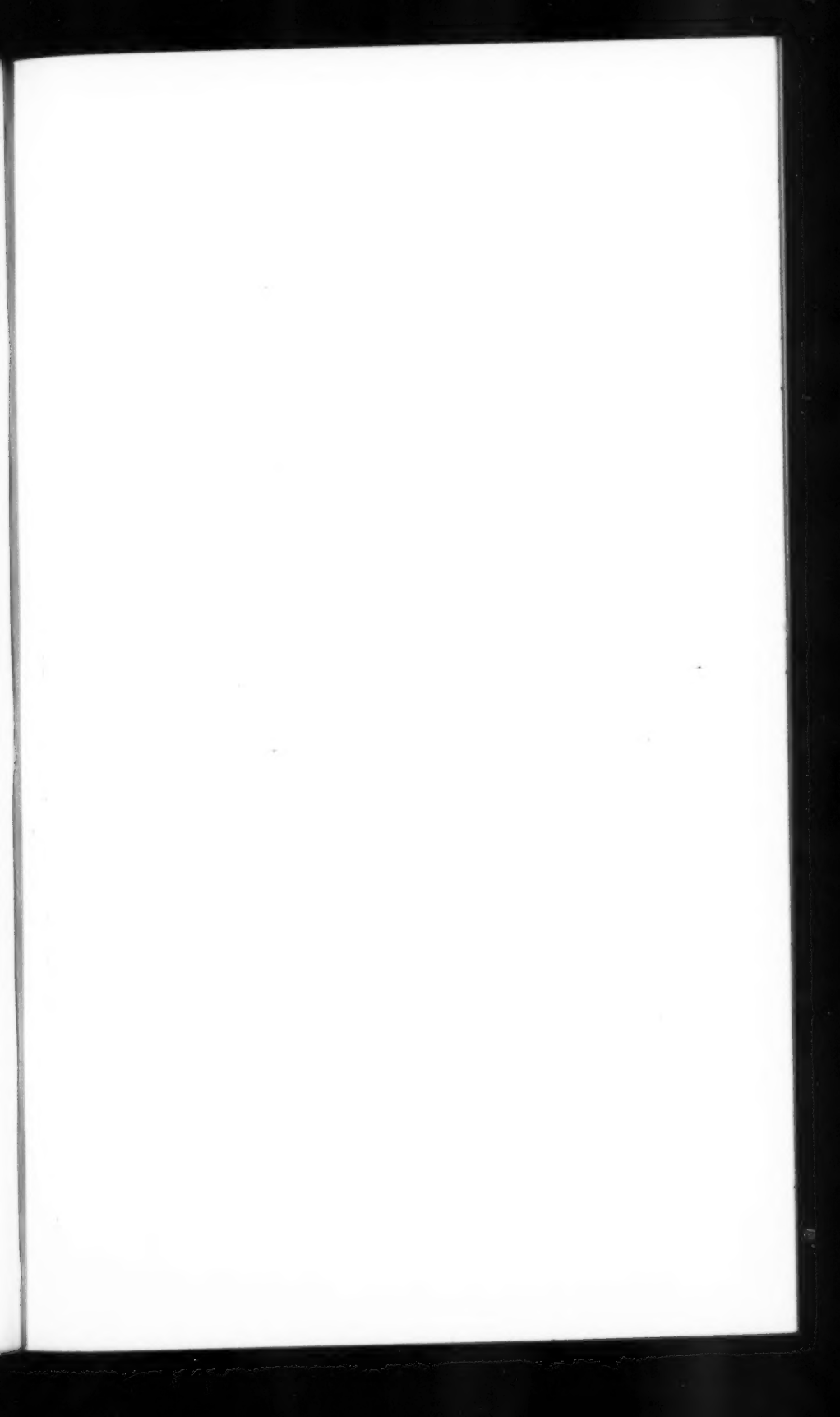
the Maestro has refused to make a change in it which you desired. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take this picture from Leonardo for myself, and pay him handsomely, and I'll keep him to his contract and make him do you another; this other shall also be in conformity with your wishes, and he shall make the changes you desire under pain of my displeasure. In this way both sides will be contented; you because you will get the picture you want; he because he will get a fresh commission. But you will have to pay him the hundred ducats he claims: work of such beauty is indeed well worth it." By some such solution alone is it possible to conceive that the picture should have passed into the Ducal Chapel, and thence it would naturally pass into France when Louis XII.,¹ as Lord of Milan, dwelt in the Palace of Lodovico il Moro, and had command of its treasure. The tradition that the "Virgin of the Rocks" was first of all in San Gottardo must have had some foundation in fact. Time would soon cause the two pictures, from their resemblance, to merge into one, and thus it would come to be believed that the picture once seen in San Gottardo, was really the same as that venerated in San Francesco.

The Duke has just been supposed to say that there is a doctrinally objectionable feature in the earlier picture. That there most clearly is from the Franciscan point of view, and it has as clearly disappeared from the picture which stood for nearly three hundred years over the altar of the Conception in the Church of San Francesco Grande. Writers with little or no theology have divined that there is something amiss with the picture, some unaccountable mysterious meaning in it which they cannot fathom: theology alone could have given them the clue. Sir Frederick Burton, writing of the changes made in the second picture, says:¹

Why recast the original scheme by introducing a new *motif* in the Angel? For this innovation is no slight one. It involves a profound change in the meaning of the whole. . . . In the Louvre picture, which we are informed is the original, the Angel looking towards us and pointing at St. John, connects the spectator with what is taking place.

¹ Vasari tells us of Louis XII.'s determined desire to carry off the "Last Supper," had it not been a fresco embedded in a wall.

² "The Virgin of the Rocks," *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1894, p. 82.





THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS
(Louvre)

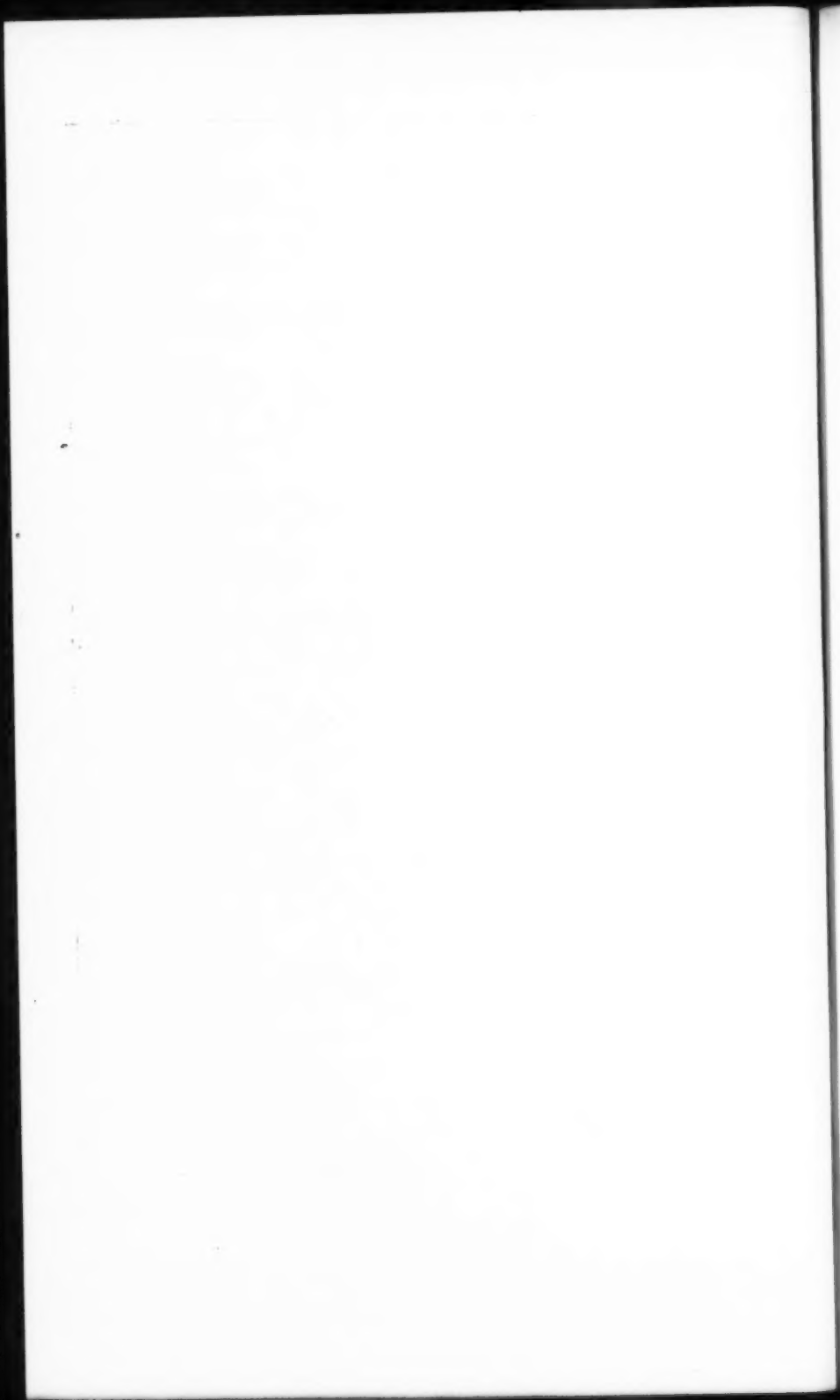
Photo by Alinari (Florence)





THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS
(National Gallery)

Photo by Anderson (Rome)



And again:

The two pictures differ not only superficially but *essentially*; not only in certain variations of composition, but in the *fundamental idea* which underlies each.¹

I wish I had space to quote in full Dr. Georg Gronau's remarkable and suggestive criticism of these two pictures. It is indeed singular to observe that the artistic fault which he has to find with the Louvre picture has arisen entirely from an outrage on Franciscan theology by the eccentrically-minded great artist. Dr. Gronau writes—I can quote but a sentence or two:

The *harmony* of the group is to some extent spoilt by the figure of an Angel who supports the Infant Christ, and directs the spectator's attention to the young John. His hand with the outstretched forefinger seems to be *out of place* between the head of Christ and the hand of the Mother who is blessing Him. These two motives, namely the outward glance and the pointing hand, are *intimately connected*. They have a meaning, perhaps not quite comprehensible. . . . In face of the finished picture Leonardo himself must have felt that this attitude had a *disturbing effect*. . . .²

To come to the explanation. Neither of these two pictures, both painted for an Altar of the Conception, contains any the faintest trace of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. This need not altogether surprise us in 1483. As yet no settled type of presenting the dogma had become general. Theologians were puzzled as to how to instruct artists in the presentment. Uniformity was to come more than a century later, in dark days for art, under Spanish influence. But if there is no trace of the dogma in the Louvre picture, it is indeed a singular thing to find a deliberate *denial of the dogma*, for that there most certainly is, and it casts a lurid light on Leonardo's wayward fantastic character. An Angel from Heaven—a lens will bring out the subtly mocking smile, the faint roguish twinkle in his insisting eyes—is deliberately pointing to St. John, and inviting us to fix all our attention on *him*. The Blessed Virgin is there, sweet, serene, motherly, but of no account so far as there is meaning in this picture. She, to whose unique privi-

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 85.

² *Leonardo da Vinci*. Duckworth, 1902, p. 111.

lege this altar is dedicated, is set aside and ignored in the face of an object-lesson which is a denial of the privilege. For St. John represents the doctrine held by the opponents of the privilege,—namely, Sanctification before birth as opposed to Conception without stain, and the fact that our Lord is in the act of blessing St. John, taken with the rest, may even here stand for the act of Sanctification. Without question this picture, if in the subtlest fashion, affirms the Thomist and denies the Scotist teaching. We must remember that at this time the whole of Italy, and especially Lombardy, was worked up into a fever heat of excitement about the Immaculate Conception, and that the disputants went to singular extremes in the combat, often little, if at all, edifying. I do not pretend to fathom Leonardo's motive; it may have been conviction; it is much more likely to have been mischief, or that subtlest form of revenge which fails to execute a command while appearing to do so. The commission ended in a dispute, and there are likely enough to have been disputes all along. Vasari gives us a glimpse of the *outré* in Leonardo's character, when he records that he threatened to revenge himself on the Dominican Prior of Santa Maria delle Grazie for plaguing him to get on with his work, by putting him in the Cenacolo as Judas Iscariot. Be all this as it may, the fact remains that Leonardo has introduced into a picture intended for an altar of the Immaculate Conception, features which clearly emphasize the contrary doctrine of Sanctification before birth. Even supposing, on an extreme hypothesis, that Leonardo did not know what he was doing, that the Angel, his glance and his attitude, were merely art—bad art, good judges have called it—yet it is difficult to suppose, at that moment, that Frate Agostino, Fra Bernardino de' Busti, and the many passionate champions of the privilege who dwelt in San Francesco, would not have observed the meaning that could be given it: the slight to the Blessed Virgin is too obvious.¹

When we turn to the National Gallery picture, all is indeed changed. There is no affirmation of the doctrine, but there is no denial of it. The picture is surely the more beautiful of the two. The halos and the reed-cross are

¹ The fact that Leonardo deliberately disobeyed instructions to which he had bound himself by contract by omitting from the picture two prophets bearing witness to the truth of the Dogma, rather points to his sympathies being with the other side.

said to be the additions of a later hand: that may well be: but they sublimize and Christianize the picture. The Madonna here is assuredly the more ideal of the two. The subtly roguish look, the faint elusive smile, of the angel have given place to an expression of placid sublimity, of cloistered recollectedness; the offending arm and hand, fraught with so sinister a meaning, have wholly vanished.¹ Serenity, harmony, peace, have returned to a picture where before, as Dr. Gronau found, writing purely as art critic, the effect was distinctly "disturbing," where now, Sir Frederick Burton, writing as philosopher and observer, recognizes that an *essential* change in the "fundamental idea," has taken place.

I believe, then, that Leonardo did two "Virgins of the Rocks." Great names are in array both for one and the other. I cannot conceive that he was relieved of his contract; I cannot conceive that the Duke would allow it. My article I have called some conjectures and some facts. I hope I have made plain which are one, which the other. But if I have only succeeded in inciting inquiry, I shall well be repaid for these gropings in the past.

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

¹ But, as Dr. Gronau truly says, the Angel has now become "superfluous." One might even say, in a fantastic mood, that the Angel represents a heresy as yet unborn: to wit, that our Lord, because a human being, needed a specific Guardian Angel like the rest of mankind.

"Fred."

A SKETCH FROM LIFE ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE.

"FRED" was a hired man who came to us, out on this western Canadian farm, for a short spell of help at harvest time.

He had come west—Ontario was his home—for a sort of holiday limited as to time only by the duration of his railway ticket, as to possibilities only by his own infinite capacity for adventure. He had, indeed, incidentally committed himself to a homestead somewhere in Saskatchewan, and was looking around, at the time when my brother fetched up against him in Finlay, for a job and a few dollars which might enable him to retrace his steps thither and put in some of his homesteading duties before the fall of the year. He was knocking up stands for wine casks at the hotel in settlement of his bill there, when my brother engaged him for the harvest under the very nose of the hardware storekeeper who would have given him sixty dollars a month to set up binders.

I doubt if mere ink is any fitting medium for a description of Fred. One wants a pen dipped first into the strong hearty mead of his far-off English yeoman ancestry, next in the wine-like cider of his own rich Ontario apples, and thirdly in the full tide of his lusty virile blood, to do justice to the man's abounding vitality, his irrepressible spirits and flow of invigorating talk, his hearty voice and infectious laugh, his indiscriminate sense of humour, and his whole cyclonic personality. I might add that the pen to describe Fred should also have been dipped into holy water, that some sense might be conveyed of the limpidity of the clear Catholic Faith that was in him, that he brought from old Catholic Canada, and that he went about blazoning in the Protestant west, as though Mass were to be heard every Sunday and the priest were as dear and familiar a figure on the prairie as he is in the Ontarian orchard.

He used to burst into the house, cheery and usefully noisy three times a day; first at six in the morning (he slept in a little lean-to outside) for an infinitesimal wash in the bowl behind the kitchen door, for porridge and tea and a pipe, after having already put in an hour's work in the stables and pasture field. Next at noon for a big hot mess of a dinner, no matter in how much bigger and hotter a mess he might be himself, and again in the evening, when the long summer day's golden work was done, "sweating good and strong," ready for gallons of tea and the evening's chores. He always brought in with him a gust of the boisterous prairie wind, and a glow of the torrid prairie sun. I was ill in bed at the time, and lying still day after day too inert to desire even a book, it was as good as a tonic to hear Fred crash into the kitchen and settle down to talk and laughter and trencher drill.

He was capability incarnate, and optimism on two legs. When the binder went hopelessly wrong and to have righted it would have blasted even Job's reputation—if indeed Job had even been confronted with the sprocket wheel of a cantankerous prairie binder—Fred came out of the ordeal at last, triumphant and happy and loudly pointing the moral of his own perseverance and good temper. One granted him his point, as cordially, I hope, as it was made ingenuously.

Nothing came amiss to "Fred." When Jessie, the mare with the plummy eye and an underlip like an old sandshoe, developed colic, and waved her legs in the air in the stable, Fred was ready with some miraculous dope which certainly had a miraculous effect, and all would have ended well as it began ill had not the incident furnished our veterinary with a text for the telling of endless horse stories of a more or less lurid and painfully *apropos* nature. They—and others anent cows—were all told with such gusto and the climaxes managed with such real if unconscious literary skill, that the advocates of realism in art for realism's crude and vivid sake would have hailed Fred an apostle. Perhaps if he had confined his stories to the woes of cows and pigs and horses—and how he contrived to alleviate them—we might have borne with them, but when, with no slight acquaintance with anatomy and medicine, Fred proceeded to give us frightfully graphic accounts of all the illnesses of all his friends "down home," we felt as

the driver of a runaway locomotive might feel—it was time to do something!

Moreover Fred knew everything about everything. He really did! With the energy and science of the modern Canadian agriculturalist he had taken a farming course at Guelph College, and could give a prairie housewife points about her butter and her cheese and her bread at any time. He talked with inside knowledge of everything on the farm, the grades of wheat, the weights and price of wool, the soundness of fruit, the beef and milk strains in cattle, the management of poultry, the temperatures of cream, the tests for tuberculosis, and his talk was as good and as sound and as interesting as it was far above the average farmer's for expression and intelligence. Fred had graduated in the school of common sense. He was a dairyman, a teamster, a fruit grower, a mechanic, a carpenter, something of an electrician and a doctor, all in one. He loved a good book, too, and drank in history and fine poetry as a sponge takes up water. He went down to the yard one day in a spare hour, and turned out a fine little table, solid as the rooted tree, to repay "the boss' missus" for washing out his shirts.

It was a Sunday morning when Fred first turned up, and his initial eagerness had been to take the worst of the dirt out of his shirt and socks before they came into the hands of the womenfolk. "Say! missus—where do you keep your washing-board and your pegs?" had been his greeting, and the longer he stayed with us the more reluctant the good fellow became to let "ladies" do this service for him.

He did more than consider us so. He played with "the missus'" solitary little child, a prairie child, fretting itself ill for the company of other children, wearied to peevishness with the preoccupations of its always busy mother. Fred played with Pussie not as grown-ups generally play with children, as a duty or to please the parents, but he played as a child himself, heartily enjoying the game, inventing phase after phase of it as it went along, drowning the delighted girlie's squeals with his own zestful falsetto laughter. Fred was, indeed, just the sort of playfellow to make a lasting impression on a child, no matter how fleeting their friendship. Like all good, true-hearted men his love for children was unfeigned, and his happy ease with them

unassumed. He "nibbed noses" with Pussie on Sunday afternoon; he dug up endless dirty but delicious candies from the hot recesses of his pockets; and threatened the most thrilling adventures, such as popping her in the churn, out of the window and up to the ceiling. And it was all as genuine as ever it could be. Fred "allowed" he would "be lonesome for little Pussie" when the day came for him to leave.

He was a good-looking fellow too, and more so working about the farm with opened shirt and roughened hair, than when pranked out in all the glory of a collar and more or less respectable hat (at an angle) for the festivities of Labour Day. He had a well-shaped head and a pleasing square, bronzed face set very firmly on to strong broad shoulders. He had a pair of kind blue eyes and a moustache on the upper lip. He was about medium height with just those strong manly arms and big gentle hands which the woman he would one day choose for his own would feel so proud to have about her!

It was just here, however, in his relation to the fair sex, that Fred reversed the usual order of things.

He was no mere lad, but a man in the prime of life, the one goddess in whose existence had always been his mother, that shrewd, loving, sensible old lady, "way back" in Ontario, among her orchards and her cows and her enormous family (there were fifteen "Fred"), who soon became as living a reality to all of us out here, through Fred's incessant talk of her, as she was to him himself. He would have brought her photo along in that "valise" of his, full of odd things and carpenter's tools, but that she had refused it to him at parting lest it should make him homesick—just as though he wouldn't be remembering her face as well without that!

Fred, I say, reversed the usual order of things with regard to "the ladies." It seemed he was the victim of incessant proposals.

One evening he went "to town" for us on various errands and came home with his usual glowing account of everyone and everything, wrought up to a climax by another proposal. Oh, yes, the trail was "just fine" (nobody else ever thought it so) and the crops by the way looked "good" (the farmers had been grumbling all the season), while old Jessie she set the pace despite her tummy ache in

the morning, and got into Finlay "on time" (an unprecedented feat on Jessie's antiquated part). Where did he get his supper? Why he went to the hotel for it, "and that 'awful friendly lady' and bike to B.C."

brought me some tea and some meat and some sweet tack herself, and she sat right down and talked to me, and was that awful pleased when she heard what Church I figured on, she proposed that I should marry her then and there and she'd sell up the hotel and we'd bike to B.C."

"Oh, Fred," I said, "why didn't you accept such an 'awful friendly lady' and bike to B.C."

He laughed. "Well there, she was that awful friendly I just supposed she'd proposed to too many fellows before. I said I'd take the little black-haired 'girl in the kitchen out for a drive. 'No you don't,' says she, quick as a flash, 'you take ME!'

"It was a case," I assured him, "she must have felt awful friendly, Fred."

He laughed again declaring it was only fun, though privately I had my doubts about the fun of it for the awful friendly lady. She was a bouncing girl that, down at the hotel, and doubtless on the look-out for a good thing in husbands. She had amazon arms and a gorgeous red hat—those were the only things I remembered about her, except her intrinsic honesty in a difficult position, and her slightly dimmed Catholicism. There really is nothing for it in some cases but to take the bull by the horns. I wondered if the "friendly lady" was to be blamed—or imitated.

"Why, land's sakes!" pursued Fred, clapping his old Stetson on the back of his head and sitting down on my bedside—he was constantly dodging and ducking in and out of my room, uninvited, to see how I was "piking along"—"that's nothing to a lady [pray observe the term—and avoid it henceforth for ever]—what came up on the train with me from Winnipeg.

"She was just struck all of a heap on me from the first, but I got a notion she wouldn't always be all honey from the way she got just mad one night when I wouldn't let her share my suit-case with me for a pillow! She told me all about her income and was awful friendly too, and took a wonderful lot of pictures with a kodak and asked for my address so as she might send me some. She did too,

three of every blessed one, afterwards—and she asked me to marry her and go straight on to the coast with her, and never do another stroke of work all the summer. Oh—oh—oh (this was a characteristic expression of Fred's) that lady she had a fine gold watch too—she was real wealthy! She would 'a kept me, she would, and been glad to do it!"

"Good heavens, Fred," I exclaimed, "what a dangerous chap you must be!"

"Well, my mother she always says it'll be a lucky girl what gets me, and that's what I think myself: It'll be a lucky girl what gets me."

"Good for you, Fred. So it will!" And I sincerely meant it.

"Lord!" he went on, laughing again, "I mind the time a lady proposed to me first! I was cheese-making down home in Ontario, and I got a little bottle and wrote a love-letter to anybody in the old country what should buy that cheese, and put it in the bottle and the bottle in the cheese. Well, a year afterwards to the very day, I got a letter back from a lady in London, saying she had found my letter and would be glad to correspond. And so she did, she wrote me scores and scores of letters and sent me her picture! Oh my! you should have seen my old mother laughing over them letters! There was no letters wrote in *her* courting days: it was all fixed up quite different. Why she used to sit and push up her glasses and wipe the tears from her eyes laughing over them letters what this lady in London kept on writing to me. At last she wrote and asked if she came out to Canada by the very next boat would I marry her right away, so I thought it was time to drop that correspondence."

"Ah—so you dropped it, Fred?"

"Right then," he asseverated earnestly, "I don't hold with things getting too serious."

Fred was dreadfully ticklish; he explained this to us *à propos* of his romps with Pussie, not, I believe, out of any apprehension of Ontarian horseplay in our prairie kitchen.

"Why there," he said, "down home one time I was carrying a pail of water in either hand in the yard when what did I see running towards me but Rosie, my little sister, and I knew exactly what she was after, and I knew what I should do—and I couldn't help myself! She ran up and stuck her finger in my side, and I ups with my two

arms with them buckets and claps her with them back and front and knocks her flat and silly. Before she got anywhere near me I knew what I would do, and I could no more help myself than I could fly. My! but it gave Rosie a lesson! "

"Rosie," it seemed, had been a great favourite of Fred's. She died, as a girl of fifteen, and Fred waxed very gentle telling me of that.

She died in the springtime, one sweet afternoon when the apple orchards were a mass of fragrant snow. Said Fred, it was impossible to grieve at such a bedside, with the soft air coming in through the open window, and the priest sitting there with his mother, and the rest of them all, just watching for the end after giving her the Last Sacraments of the Church. It had only been the priest who broke that tender vigil from time to time, with a word or two none other could have spoken. Wonderful words they, must have been, for Fred said they wiped the tears from his eyes as tears are promised to be staunch in Heaven. He had never "felt bad" over the death of Rosie, although she was his favourite "little sister." Another sister of his was a nurse in a sanatorium somewhere in the United States. It was the "noblest work for a woman," he thought.

It seemed to astonish Fred considerably that Mass was only to be heard once in about five Sundays, on the prairie. The priest, a young Frenchman and an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, drove the seventeen miles from his little Mission at Vermilion, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice either in the schoolroom, or in the hotel, once every month, taking Finlay in rotation with other places.

His establishment at Vermilion consisted of an upturned box for a house, an inverted packing-case with a little belfry for a church, and a sort of glorified rabbit-hutch at the rear of both, for a stable. All three bald little buildings stood on the open, sun-smitten prairie, and were fenced in with French and rectangular neatness by a few strands of wire.

It so happened that he was due to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice at Finlay when enthusiastic Fred was with us, but when Sunday morning came round a duty cropped up to be done which one could but feel the compassionate Master Himself would have advised before attendance at

Mass. The long hot summer was drawing to a close, and for days past, the cattle in the pasture had hung about the gate, and made night hideous with their bawling in a manner sufficiently significant. The milk supply was getting very scanty and everything pointed to the fact that the water holes down in the gully were rapidly drying out. On Sunday morning nothing remained but the caked and trampled mud. It was a mere matter of humanity to dig fresh wells in the pasture, and Sunday morning represented the only opportunity to do so, (despite the fearfully puritanic Sabbatarian law of the Province), since the binder commandeered every available moment of the working week.

Thus I drove off alone to Mass, seven miles over the "turtle back" trail to Finlay, wishing Fred had been with me. As it was the priest had to celebrate without a server. We were quite a fair-sized congregation gathered in the village schoolroom, but none of the men were equal to answering Mass. The altar consisted of the teacher's desk on the daïs, wheeled round with its back to the wall, and spread with an altar-cloth. Above it hung the clock and a fly-blown calendar: on either side extended long wall-space blackboards scribbled over still with last week's sums and lessons in elementary grammar. On a chair to one side lay the little piece of luggage in which the priest had brought the sacred furniture.

He got a broom and swept the daïs round the desk, then lit a couple of tiny candles, and had just begun to vest when the inevitable—the universal—happened! An old lady remembered she wanted to go to confession! With the good-humoured patience which must certainly be part of the sacerdotal vocation, Père — took off alb and amice and followed the scuttling old lady to the little cloak-room by the porch. But both returned in a few minutes; then we all knelt on the crowded floor for the next exquisite half-hour.

It was strange that at such a season, when every man was toiling as men only toil in pioneering lands, when every woman was working with the strength of two to provide against the long long winter, that the message for us all should have been that we were not to be "solicitous for your life, what you shall eat . . . behold the birds of the air for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns . . . consider the lilies of the field, they labour not

. . . " In a few phrases of broken English, but perfect English at that, and beautifully chosen, the young priest in his shabby vestments, standing beside the poorest altar in all Christendom, drew out for us the meaning of this seeming paradox. It stilled something of the keen anxiety of a western Canadian harvest; infused something of real rest into the Sunday of those toil-worn, hard-handed prairie wives and mothers. The little crowd melted away afterwards; we all knew that we should not have Mass again until midway through November, and perhaps, unconsciously each one put into practice St. Francis' sweet recommendation to carry carefully awhile the brimming vase of spiritual refreshment.

What we all felt like when master Fred took his departure, it would be difficult to say. That departure was untimely, too, owing to the unexpected putting-in-of-an appearance by a friend who had a prior claim to Fred's billet. The cheery Ontarian had been with us little more than a fortnight, but there was a big hole in life somewhere when he went. Things fell unaccountably flat. Everyone had a dim sort of sense of annoyance with everybody else for being themselves instead of Fred. Work went on as usual, but the flip had gone out of it, and when vexations cropped up they remained as vexatious as ever. There was no Fred to fall back upon, confident that he could put things right, instil some sense into the contrary cows, and mend harness already long past mending.

He went off in his "glad rags," perched atop of his box in the waggon, jolting down the trail. We women turned back into the house after watching him with our eyes shaded by our hands from the sun, until he turned the willow coppice by the slough,—and something of the brightness had gone out of the day. The men perhaps felt that, now this star of the first magnitude had set, their own brilliancy would reassert itself, but still they knew their light to be a little watery after the effulgence of Fr  d.

There was no room for romance. Fred was off to Edmonton, and would doubtless be entangled in the meshes of some "lady's" matrimonial intentions long before he got there at seven in the morning. "The girls he left behind him" recognized the futility of sighs, so they rolled up their sleeves, and set about washing up the tea-things.

ELIZABETH WALMESLEY.

Doctor Lingard.

THE biography of Dr. Lingard, which has just appeared,¹ will, it may be hoped, serve to remind us all of the debt which Catholics owe to one who at a very critical period rendered services to the Church in this country the value of which cannot be exaggerated.

Writing shortly after Lingard's death, over sixty years ago, Cardinal Wiseman declared it to be a special Providence that had allowed our body to give to the nation such a writer, whose merit will be better appreciated in each generation, which finds it calmly surviving the many rivals which would have supplanted it. "When Hume," said the Cardinal,² "shall have fittingly taken his place among the classical writers of our tongue, and Macaulay shall have been transferred to the shelves of romancers and poets, and each shall have received his true meed of praise, then Lingard will be still more conspicuous as the only impartial historian of our country."

Such a claim, it need hardly be said, is far from being generally admitted, and by some authorities is considered not to deserve serious consideration. We do not think, however, that anyone who has studied the matter for himself, will refuse to acknowledge that in the period since Wiseman wrote, Lingard's historical works have secured a position even higher than in the middle of last century, and one from which there seems to be little likelihood of their being soon displaced. Moreover, the principles by which, as he himself tells us, his labours were guided are such as all should ever have before their eyes who desire to contribute anything of value to the cause of history.

Lingard owed nothing to the adventitious advantages of

¹ *Life and Letters of John Lingard, 1771—1851*, by Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney. Pp. xlii: 397. London. Herbert and Daniel. 12s. 6d. net. 1911.

² *Dublin Review*, September, 1853.

birth and family, and had to make his way in the world entirely for himself. Though his ancestors hailed from Lincolnshire, his father was a carpenter in Winchester.¹ At an early age, the marked intelligence of the boy, having attracted attention, he was sent (in 1782) to the famous English College at Douay, there to be trained for the priesthood, where he remained till the outbreak of the French Revolution brought ruin upon that venerable institution, and forced its inmates, flying for their lives, to seek refuge elsewhere. The young Lingard who escaped, not without peril, from the country which had seemed to promise a secure asylum to him and his coreligionists, was forced (1793), with his fellows, to take refuge in that native land which had hitherto been most rigorously barred to them.

Of the fugitives, some found an asylum in the southern counties, at Old Hall—and thus instituted the College of St. Edmund, there still existing,—others gathered in the North, and from these has sprung Ushaw, though it was some years before it found a permanent home on its present site, the little band of wanderers being settled successively at Tudhoe, Pontop, and Crook Hall, all in the county of Durham, Lingard, though but twenty-three, being appointed to take charge of them, as Vice-President, while he took an active part in tutorial work. In 1803-4, a final move was made to Ushaw, where, while zealously fulfilling his scholastic duties, he found time to prepare for what was to be the work of his life, the presentation of our national history in such a form as should disabuse Englishmen of their immemorial prejudices against the Ancient Church. That such was the object with which he undertook his labour, he himself declared, and to its attainment he directed his great works, the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* (published 1806), and the *History of England*, the first volumes of which appeared in 1819. His desire was, as has been said, to persuade his countrymen that their antipathy towards the Catholic Church was grounded on misconception of her and her adherents, and for this purpose he held it to be necessary, while sup-

¹ As to the origin of the family name our biographers decide, apparently with the assent of the Doctor himself, that it was probably derived "from furze or ling." It may however, be remarked, that these are not the same; furze (*ulex*), being "gorse" and ling (*culluna*) being "heather."

plying the most solid and indisputable evidence of facts, to avoid as far as possible whatever might introduce the controversial element which he considered most prejudicial to the attitude of mind in which history should be studied. In his own words,¹

The great event of the Reformation, while it gave a new impulse to the powers, embittered with rancour the writings of the learned. Controversy pervaded every department of literature; and history, as well as the sister sciences, was alternately pressed into the service of the contending parties. . . . My object is truth, and in the pursuit of truth I have made it a religious duty to consult the original historians. Who would draw from the troubled stream, when he may drink at the fountain head?

The rule which he thus laid down was, it need not be said, an almost entire novelty, for up to that time, and, indeed, long after, English historical writers very generally contented themselves with reproducing—without question or investigation—the statements of their predecessors; and in consequence, Lingard found himself frequently obliged to contradict the statements of previous writers.

On such occasions [he declared]² to be silent is criminal, as it serves to perpetuate deception, and to contradict without attempting to prove, may create doubt, but cannot inspire conviction. As often, therefore, as it has been my lot to dissent from our more popular historians, I have been careful to fortify my own opinion by frequent references to the sources from which I derived my information.

In the same sense he wrote to friends on occasion of the appearance of his *History*.³

I have written in a different manner from that observed in the *Anglo-Saxon Church*. I have been careful to defend the Catholics, but not so as to hurt the feelings of the Protestants. Indeed, my object has been to write such a work, if possible, as should be read by Protestants: under the idea that the more it is read by them, the less Hume will be in vogue, and, consequently, the fewer prejudices against us will be imbibed from him.

¹ *Life*, p. 87.

² P. 88.

³ P. 166.

And to another correspondent:

Through the work I made it a rule to tell the truth, whether it made for us or against us: to avoid all appearance of controversy, that I might not repel Protestant readers; and yet to furnish every necessary proof in our favour in the notes: so that if you compare my narrative with Hume's, for example, you will find that, with the aid of the notes, it is a complete refutation of him without appearing to be so. This I thought preferable. In my account of the Reformation I must say much to shock Protestant prejudices; and my only chance of being read by them depends on my having the reputation of a temperate writer. The good to be done is by writing a book which Protestants will read. . . . This, however, I can say, that I have not enfeebled a single fact or useful observation through fear of giving offence. Such a thing never entered my mind.

None will question the merit of the method thus proclaimed, but it may be found more difficult to understand how it could be practised at the period in question. In view of his literary work, Lingard, who had been ordained priest in 1795, was appointed by Bishop Gibson, in 1811, to the small mission of Hornby, on the Lune, not far from Lancaster, which was to be his home for the rest of his life. Here the parochial duties were of the lightest, for the little village contained but some 400 souls, and he was thus left with abundant time for the historical and controversial works for which it was desired to set him free. As to the use he made of his opportunities, he tells us¹—

I did not hesitate at the commencement of my labours to impose upon myself a severe obligation, from which I am not conscious of having on any occasion materially swerved; to take nothing on trust, to confine my researches, in the first instance, to original documents and the more ancient writers, and only to consult modern historians when I had satisfied my own judgment and composed my own narrative. . . . These restrictions would, indeed, add to the toil of the writer; but they promised to stamp the features of accuracy and novelty upon his work. How far I have succeeded must be for the public to determine, but this I trust will be admitted that whatever may be the defects of this History, it may fairly claim the merits of research and originality.

¹ P. 138.

. . . . It has been my constant endeavour to separate myself as much as possible from every party; to stand, as it were, aloof, the unconcerned spectator of the passing events, and to record them fairly in these pages as they came in review before my eyes. That they should always appear to others in the same light in which they appeared to me, I cannot expect; but before the reader accuses me of prejudice, let him be assured that he is free from prejudice himself.

That under the conditions then existing, such an undertaking as Lingard's should have been seriously contemplated, and should have achieved any measure of success seems to students of the present-day well-nigh incredible, for none of the advantages were then available which we have come to regard as indispensable. When he commenced his labours with the work on the Anglo-Saxon Church, the archives of Europe had disclosed none of their secrets, and in England itself there was no British Museum reading-room placing the manifold resources of our National Library at the service of all. Access to the State Paper Office, then lodged in the Tower, was burdened with wearisome and harassing restrictions. What prospect could there seem that the work of a young professor in a small North-country College, in hours won from a life of daily labour, or even when, freed from a life of constant work, he had been settled in the rural quiet and isolation of Hornby, should ever become a standard authority on its subject, or secure its position as a serious contribution to history?

That he succeeded in doing so much was undoubtedly due to his fidelity to the principles we have heard him enunciate, and to the qualities he brought to his task. His industry was unceasing, and he lost no chance of examining all possible sources of information, whether by personal inspection of accessible documents, or by means of transcripts obtained from competent friends. He likewise exhibited a wonderful instinct for arriving at the conclusion to which evidence tended, and for perceiving the bearing of particulars which to others might appear wholly insignificant. So clearly marked was this faculty, that as subsequent writers have acknowledged, they are loth to dissent from his judgments, even when they do not fully understand his reasons, on account of the intuition which so frequently appears to guide him to what

proves to be the right solution of knotty questions.

Lingard was at pains to disclaim all pretensions to the subjective element in historical writing, which by some is styled the philosophy of history, but should, in his judgment, with more propriety, be termed the philosophy of romance. As he said,¹

Novelists, speculatists, and philosophists always assume the privilege of being acquainted with the secret motives of those whose conduct and character they describe; but writers of history know nothing more respecting motives than the little which their authorities have disclosed, or the facts necessarily suggest.

With such views he naturally differed entirely, as will be seen, from the methods of modern historical writers who are much in public favour, while his own performances failed to obtain general approval and were indeed hotly attacked from opposite sides. On the one hand, the uncompromising orthodoxy of such critics as Bishop Milner was shocked at what they considered undue truckling to Protestant prejudices, especially in regard of such cases like those of St. Dunstan and St. Thomas of Canterbury. On the other hand, both the *Anglo-Saxon Church* and the *History of England* were fiercely assailed in the *Edinburgh Review*, by a learned and accomplished authority, Dr. John Allen, "Lady Holland's domestic Atheist." This critic, indeed, paid high compliments to Lingard's literary style, of which he spoke in very eulogistic terms.

His periods [it was said] are poised and musical in their cadence, with a variety in their structure that pleases without palling on the ear. His style is nervous and concise, and never enfeebled by useless epithets, or encumbered with redundant and unmeaning phrases. If it be deficient in the happy negligence and apparent ease of expression—if it want those careless, inimitable beauties, which in Hume excited the despair and admiration of Gibbon—there is no other modern history with which it would not challenge a comparison.

But, which is of greater importance, and would undoubtedly have been so considered by the historian himself, the fairness of Lingard's narrative was vehemently denied by Allen, and he was declared to be one of those

¹ Preliminary notice to edition of *History*, 1849.

who overlook every adverse authority, and borrow from their own fancy whatever is wanting for the support and embellishment of their system.

Such a charge could not be ignored, and Lingard replied with a *Vindication*, in which we are told¹ that this displayed as much erudition and so careful a regard for original authorities that the result was to add materially to his reputation as a scholar and critic.¹

We likewise read in a standard book of reference²

The general accuracy and impartiality of Lingard have been acknowledged. His facts have been collected with great industry, and are stated with judgment and clearness: and his work is entitled to a high place among the few general histories of England which have been produced by English scholars.

Still more emphatic is the testimony of Mr. Pocock, who, speaking of the crucial question of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Anne Boleyn,³ writes thus:

It is impossible, I think, for any one to peruse the documents without coming to the conclusion that historians of this period, both Catholic and Protestant, but especially the latter, have allowed themselves to be carried away by their prejudices to a surprising extent. To this remark Dr. Lingard is, as far as this period of his History goes, an honourable and, as far as I know, a singular exception.

As has been remarked, Lingard did not think very much of some popular historians, in particular Macaulay and Carlyle, with both of whom he was at issue on questions connected respectively with Cromwell's conduct in Ireland, and the government of James II.

Macaulay he pronounced the most "factless" writer he had ever read. Again, he said,

It will not do; Macaulay does not write history. He has been fishing in cesspools and quagmires, and has filled his memory with all kinds of filth and falsehood, which he retails, mixed up with facts, as if they were facts also.

¹ *Chambers' Encyclopaedia*.

² *Dictionary of English History*, by Sydney J. Low, and F. S. Pulling.

³ *Annals of the Reformation*, Preface, p. xiii.

You might as well believe all the skits and witticisms and falsehoods which are prevalent during a contested election. His work abounds in claptrap of every description; with truths that are made to tell as falsehoods. I explain by one example. [This was the well-known case of Obadiah Walker, of which, according to Lingard, Macaulay had contrived to convey a totally misleading and unfair impression.]

To Carlyle his objections were still more serious, and he expressed himself strongly on the subject of works which at the time were so immensely popular.

I have long looked upon Carlyle [he wrote in 1848] with his Anglo-German jargon and pompous profundity, as a complete humbug: in this case [the Drogheda Massacre], some one must have cruelly played upon his credulity and adoration for his idol, for I can conceive no motive for his adoption of the forgery, if he had known of it. That it is a forgery is now evident.¹

From other detached phrases in his correspondence, it is clear that Lingard did not hesitate to speak of Carlyle as "that humbug and charlatan who has made Cromwell the god of his idolatry," and of his hero as "that rascal."

During the forty years of seclusion at Hornby, Dr. Lingard found both entertainment and exercise in the care of his fruit-trees and his hay, but did not fail to attract notice in the great world outside. The leaders of the bar in the Northern Circuit, Pollock, Scarlett (afterwards Lord Abinger), and Brougham, used frequently to come over from the Assizes at Lancaster to enjoy his company and conversation. He was, of course, always a welcome guest at his beloved Ushaw, for which to the end he entertained a loyal affection, and which, in return, it need not be said, was justly proud of such a son. His great consolation, as the end approached, was to find evidence that the object

¹ To what piece of evidence this refers unfortunately we are not told. It was doubtless some of the testimonies which have been cited to show that the account of Cromwell's massacres at Drogheda and Wexford have been greatly exaggerated. On this subject Lingard writes (*History*, viii. Note D.) "of the arguments hitherto adduced in his defence, it will be no presumption to affirm that there is not one among them which will bear the test of dispassionate investigation."

for which he had striven had to so great an extent been accomplished. As he wrote in 1850, a year before his death,

I have long had the notion—a very presumptuous one, probably—that the revolution in the Protestant mind as to the doctrines of popery was owing to my History. Young and inquisitive minds in the Universities were induced to examine my authorities concerning their favourite religious opinions; and finding me correct began to doubt of their convictions. This is very presumptuous in me. . . .

with which last judgment we must be allowed to differ.

J. G.

Those of his own Household.¹

MADAME CORENTINE.

I.

EVERY Sunday they would take the little St. Aubin or Gorey train, get down at any station along the coast, and wander far afield through the fresh Jersey landscape. They always dressed in their best clothes on that particular day, partly out of natural coquetry, and partly to distinguish themselves from crowds of English women in blouses and skirts of cotton-backed satin. They were always unaccompanied, and spent the whole day out of doors, after a quiet fashion of their own, quite content to talk and enjoy themselves together. Madame l'Héréec watched the quick development of her daughter into womanhood with admiring eyes. Simone was just fifteen, with all the tender charm and budding graces of her age. The elder woman told herself that she needed nothing more than this companionship. She believed that she was confiding in the girl, because from time to time she spoke of trifles in a serious tone. Simone, on her side, felt all the secret pride of those who know they are joy-givers and have the power of making others happy. She felt herself growing up when her mother spoke to her on an equality; she realized the importance of being more strictly looked after, under an appearance of freedom. She guessed that she was bringing balm to a sore heart, but luckily saw no farther. When night fell, after a long day spent alone with her mother, far from the noise of the world, Simone might see that Madame de l'Héréec was exhausted and disinclined to talk; still the daughter knew peace and oblivion were making her mother's soul once more as calm and childlike as her own.

One Sunday towards the end of July, they had started

¹ Translated from the French of René Bazin.

as usual, stopping for luncheon at an inn in St. Aubin, and had walked in the heat partly along the road and partly on the cliff to the bay of Sainte Brelade, the most wonderful spot of its kind in Jersey. Madame de l'Héréc had been resting for more than an hour on the grass-grown sand-hill. Her mourning was chosen with taste. Delicate mauve flowers were arranged between the brim of her straw hat and her soft fair curls. A neighbour's child once exclaimed: "Oh! Madame, there are flowers growing out of your hair!" and since then she had taken to wearing the hat constantly. Now she was sitting motionless, looking straight before her from under her long-stemmed, sun-flecked parasol. What did her eyes behold? A woman of more artistic nature would have been carried away by the beauty of the landscape. Jutting cliffs, rosy with heather, shut in the pale blue waters of the bay, a sandy beach sloped gently round to the corner where the village began, with its red granite Gothic church and the great oak trees, whose branches were wet when the tide rose to its greatest height. Behind all, rose green downs with tier above tier of pretty little houses. But still-life never interested her for long. In this framework of sensuous beauty, which might have been some shore in Sicily in a mist of sunlight, all she beheld was a grey-clad figure, a sailor collar, a white-winged hat. Her daughter was coming in the far distance, walking at the edge of the sea, drinking in the wind from the east. She watched her between half-shut eyes, in an attitude of utter ease and self-satisfaction, quite content with her own thoughts.

"How graceful and young she is in every movement!" she said to herself; "now she stoops, now she rises. . . . She's growing tall . . . my child! My Simone!"

This wave of affection, recurring regularly and evenly as the movement of the tide, was quite sufficient to occupy her. But mothers in the distance cannot see everything.

Simone had left the middle beach and walked round the seashore to the left of the bay, where the sand is sparse and the rusty base of the cliff is always washed by the sea. She was certainly a fine girl, who might one day be a pretty woman. At present her fresh and vigorous adolescence was expressed by broad shoulders, rather a large waist and very round pink cheeks; but her whole appearance might later change completely. The mouth

was rather wide and thoughtful, the nose delicate and slightly curved, and the frank, wide-open eyes of that brown which turns gold when their owner smiles. Her short skirt, and the chestnut plait held in a tortoiseshell hair-slide, showed that her mother had no intention of dressing her as a woman at present. But her habitually serious expression, and a certain air of resolution about her whole person, seemed somehow out of keeping with short skirts.

Simone walked along, her head held high, intoxicated with sun and ozone, entirely taken up with watching her surroundings, and thinking of nothing but the moment. Some thirty yards away from the rocks she stopped. A boat was lying abandoned on the beach, stern landwards, the prow just beginning to sway in the rising tide. The young girl bent down and read the name, *Edith*. Inevitably the classic allusion came into her mind, "*the swan-necked*." It seemed quite natural for the vessel to be painted white with a gold border like a necklace. At the same moment a young boatman in a knitted cap and blue jersey bearing the name of the vessel, came from the other side of the beach. As he passed Simone, who did not hear his step, he gave a military salute. "Coming on board, Miss?" he said, getting into the boat, and smiling till every tooth in his head was visible.

Simone did not pay much attention. "Perhaps you are from St. Malo?" she asked.

The sailor, who was unwinding the cordage round the sail, stopped a minute. "No, Miss, from Lannion."

With the brusque transition natural to her age, the girl became suddenly serious. Her eyes opened to their fullest extent, she gazed at the man, the mast, and the blue pennon overhead with that intense interest we feel in things and people which come from some distant and beloved spot.

"Lannion?" she repeated, "and are you going back?"

"Presently, Miss. You see this is the best wind for us. When we've doubled the point, we make for the Corbière as the nearest, then we get well out into the offing, and in five hours, or five and a half, we are up behind Les Sept Isles."

"Oh! Les Sept Isles!" exclaimed Simone, her voice, the most unmistakably characteristic voice of a girl of

fifteen, becoming suddenly dreamy. "Les Sept Isles!" she repeated.

"You know the place?"

"Yes."

Seeing her interested, the sailor proceeded: "So then, you can calculate for yourself. By the time we reach La Passe de Guer with all those rocks and stones, it will be quite dark, and the ebb tide is against us, so we shall have to wait, and we shan't get to Lannion till daybreak." And with a final "*Voilà!*" the man went on with his occupation.

"I say," she began. The man looked up from the mast-step near which he was standing at work. "Do you know a Monsieur l'Héréec at Lannion?"

"Parbleu! Monsieur Guillaume in the Rue du Pavé Neuf?"

"Yes."

"I should think I did know him! I meet him two or three times a week coming back from the factory. That's a good fellow, if you like, but he's been unlucky!"

The words were spoken almost in a whisper, as if he were thinking aloud. Simone blushed to the roots of her hair.

"Will you take him a message?" she asked, and without waiting for an answer, she took out a tiny pocket-book and wrote in pencil: "Simone, July 20th, 1891," tore out and folded the page, and held it out towards the vessel. "Will you take this?"

The tide had already risen some yards, and the young girl had to put her foot in the water up to the ankle to reach the sailor. Then she sprang backwards.

"Thank you!" she said. "You say you see him sometimes. . . . I wanted to know. . . . Has he aged much?"

She was looking at him now with eyes full of tears.

He seemed vaguely to understand, and lifted his cap.

"He has aged rather, Miss. . . . Grief, you know"

"Is he quite white?"

"Oh, no, not yet; only just a little grey on the temples. He's a good sort, is Monsieur Guillaume."

"And his mother?"

"Ah, she's as white as snow."

"Has she still got her same two servants?"

"Yes, Miss. She's still got Gote and Fantic."

"Then things aren't much altered there. . . . I was afraid . . ."

She stopped for a moment and then went on: "Has my grandmother had the big lilac-trees cut down that grew beside the road?"

The man scratched his head, and tried to remember: then suddenly he said very cheerfully, "No, Miss, no—I remember passing there in May, and they were in bloom."

Simone would have liked to ask more, all kinds of questions were crowding her mind, but she felt too disturbed to go on. She turned and walked away, choking down sobs, and trying to control herself, while the man looked after her and replaced his cap.

"Poor little soul," he said, "she must be Monsieur Guillaume's daughter."

Simone walked slowly, holding down her head, till she reached the middle of the beach, and by then she had completely mastered herself, and stopped crying. She even felt rather pleased and proud at what she had done. It was something more than an ordinary childish impulse. She realized this, and with it came added sweetness at the thought of her father's joy when he should receive a line in her handwriting, a message saying: "I am thinking of you. I am a stranger to you, because we have been parted so long; but I love you. You fill a great place in all my girlish projects and thoughts. I wish I could see you again. . . . I wish . . ." Ah! the four little words had meant a great deal. And father would understand. Yes, she knew he would understand all she had meant to say. . . .

She felt suddenly awkward when she reached her mother, sitting in her fair, slim beauty, and smiling at her as usual from beneath the black and white striped parasol.

"Well, darling?"

"Well, Mama?"

"I've been alone for more than an hour! What could you have been dreaming about to leave me?"

"You know I never have day-dreams."

"And what boat is that?"

"The *Edith*. Pretty, isn't she?"

Madame l'Héréc noticed that Simone blushed as she answered.

"English?" asked the mother.

"No, Mama."

Simone turned half round towards the bay, to get up her courage, and began to speak quickly. She had made up her mind to conceal nothing.

"She is just going to start," she went on hurriedly. "Look, you see over there by Ste. Brelade, a boat with two men rowing and one steering; that's the owner who is going back to his ship; it seems the wind is all right for sailing now. When they have doubled the Point they are going out to the open sea to make for Les Sept Isles."

"Oh!"

"The sailor told me. And to-morrow at day-break they reach Lannion."

"Lannion?"

"Yes, Lannion," answered Simone, turning round.

Little Madame de l'Héréec was no longer smiling. In her surprise and anxiety she tried to read Simone's face, but the girl seemed quite calm and returned her mother's gaze.

"I saw you talking. Do you know the man?"

"No."

"Did he tell you anything?"

"No, nothing," returned Simone. "It was I who asked him to take a note to my father."

Madame de l'Héréec recoiled. "A note to your father? But that was" She stopped short, warned by the instinct of a woman who has known trouble. She knew the danger of using language violent enough to make a child try and get from one parent to the other. Besides, what could she say? Strictly speaking, she had no right to prevent Simone from writing to her father. She controlled herself, but the hands which held her sunshade trembled. She rose, and tapped her skirt gently, to get the sand out of its folds, while she took time to reflect on her next words. Then with an air of exaggerated resignation she began tracing circles in the grass with the tip of the ebony sunshade stick.

"I should not have thought it of you, Simone," she said at last. "Had you anything to tell him?"

"No, Mama."

"Well, but what did you write, my child?"

"My name."

"Only your name?"

"And the date."

A faint smile puckered the corners of Madame de l'Héréec's eyes.

"And you think that will please them?"

She raised her head, and saw she had overstepped the mark. Simone had turned away with tightened lips, and a hard fixed glance; she was watching the sloop as it weighed anchor. She too was controlling her speech, but she was in a tumult of revolt within. "Not please them," she said to herself. "My father not pleased to hear I still love him? You are wrong! You misjudge him; you have no right to say such a thing to me!" Perhaps the poor child thought that her mother was already repenting of her question. After a short silence she made an effort to speak. "How quickly the little sloop goes, doesn't she?" she said in a muffled voice.

"Yes, very quickly."

They both remained standing for a short time longer, watching the *Edith*, with her high rigging and almost invisible hull, as she slowly glided out of the sunny mouth of the bay. Then they re-crossed the downs, to reach the road to St. Aubin.

Each guessed enough of the other's thoughts to feel uncomfortable. They could not as usual chat with ease, about whatever subject came uppermost. Every sentence was thought out beforehand. That one little line of writing seemed an invisible barrier between them. They tried in all good faith to be their ordinary selves, but quite without success.

When the two women had crossed the down they took a turning to the right. Groups of English passengers from the Fauvel and Royal Blue coaches were walking on the slopes, making the most of the last stopping-stage on the journey, while others were walking to St. Aubin or Don-Bridge stations. Simone and her mother seemed creatures from some other world. The English girls cast barely disguised glances of envy at their supple figures, their charming dresses, and their light, graceful walk. This did not usually disturb Madame de l'Héréec or her daughter. Sometimes on Sundays they would even walk slowly on purpose to hear the remarks made about them.

They were often taken for sisters, looking so nearly of an age, and alike in general manner. It amused them, but to-day they hurried along. They took no notice of anything round them, and did not even feel a wish to give a last regretful look backwards, as one does at the close of a happily-spent day.

Once, however, just as the bay of Ste. Brelade was fading into distance, the young girl stopped and tried to distinguish a white spot in the twilight on the edge of the horizon. Feeling herself furtively watched, and the direction of her glance noted, she turned her eyes towards the scattered houses behind the beach and watched their pretty grey, blue, pink or pale-yellow painted frontages faintly glimmering among the trees.

"Do you remember, we were thinking of renting a house here last year?"

Madame de l'Héréec ignored the remark.

"Simone, I have never prevented your writing, you know!" she said.

"No, Mama," answered the young girl, with the absent air which checks conversation like a line of asterisks.

"I never did, as you know well. Then why write suddenly, without telling me first?"

They started walking again in silence, each grieved at the mutual misunderstanding, yet more and more convinced of being in the right. As they drew near St. Aubin that touch of freshness and vigour which comes after a warm day, added to the sight of people walking in all directions from the neighbouring valleys, and the sound of a coach-horn from among the trees, seemed to revive the conversation. Simone became cheerful, confident, quite ready to laugh. Madame de l'Héréec herself appeared to forget the incident of the afternoon, and only complained of fatigue.

When the two women got out of the train at St. Helier, the sun had set. They walked to the left, down Conway Street, a foggy, cheerless road (additionally gloomy on a Sunday, observed English-fashion), and turned into King Street, where they stopped before a rather pretty house, cleaner than its neighbours, and ornamented with a double colonnade over the two front windows. A shop, closely shuttered as were all the others, made a black patch on the ground floor. Above was the sign *A La Lande*

Fleurie, with smaller letters on either side forming the words *Bijoux et Emaux, souvenirs et articles de Jersey*.

They went in. A very youthful, rosy-cheeked Jersey servant girl, in a towering cap, came to meet them, carrying a candlestick.

"Has anyone called, Anie?"

"No, Madame. But a letter came this morning after the train had started."

Madame de l'Héréec rapidly glanced at the envelope which bore the Perros-Guirec stamp, recognized the handwriting, and slipped the letter into her pocket with a nod, as much as to say, "I know what *that* is. It will keep."

She went up to the first floor room, made a light meal of tea and cakes, and settled down in her room to her work-frame, with Simone sitting opposite, an open book on her knees. They sat in their usual places in front of the window; their two faces beneath the large cream-white lampshade wore the settled calm of those who do not expect any one to disturb their solitude. Madame de l'Héréec, to avoid actually sewing, had taken up a pen and was tracing in Indian ink some faint and half erased lines in the design of her work. Her slender, skilful hands were never idle. She drew a stroke or two, and leaned back to judge of the effect. Simone, with down-dropped eyelids, slowly followed passages in her book, smiling for an instant at those which pleased her.

Poor Madame Corentine l'Héréec! All who had known her in the past would have easily recognized her. She had aged very little; there was the same fair complexion, the same uneven features with a natural tendency to a smile, the thin, sensitive lips showing tiny white teeth, the short nose, the pretty blue eyes with their shallow brilliance. Her waves of dull, fair hair were still almost too thick to be twisted into the knot she wore low down at the back of her head, in the style which best showed off her long, slim throat. The blue-veined skin was that of a child, and her head rose as gracefully from the open neck of her black gown as it used to from her white collar in old Perros days.

Ah, the days of Perros-Guirec and Lannion! The friends of her childhood and early youth would have recognized her, but if they could have seen the King Street room, they would perhaps have been more charitable in their

judgment of her. The proprietess of *La Lande Fleurie*, who had arrived in the island with only the slender capital of her restored dowry, had so perfectly understood the taste of the general public, and had known so well how to supply the commonplace articles constantly in demand with tourists, that she had actually succeeded in successfully keeping a kind of bazaar, no light achievement in a mixed population of French and English. No one came from Southampton or St. Malo to Jersey without buying a piece of island spar jewellery or a "cabbage" stick from *La Lande Fleurie*. She passed as rich, and was known to have been extravagant in former days. But there was no attempt at luxury in her furniture. The chairs, the wardrobe with looking-glass doors, and the combined work-table and lampstand, were the contents of her bedroom as an unmarried girl, and the lawyer had duly catalogued them after the separation, as "restitution" to the wife. The table-cloth on the centre table, an old-fashioned Indian shawl, had been part of her trousseau. It was still quite fresh and new-looking, and recalled an epoch which separated husbands and wives do not, as a rule, commemorate. Out of economy she had not put anything else in its place. Few people would have believed this of the feather-headed little woman, who had so horrified the respectable matrons of Lannion. There were no luxuries for her personal use. Simone's room, which opened into the one where the two women were sitting, had absorbed everything, because it contained the treasure on which all the love and happiness of the house was centred. Through the half-open door could be seen a bed, with blue satin curtains inset with bands of guipure, and a bevelled mirror reflecting quantities of ornaments only vaguely distinguishable in the semi-darkness, but evidently arranged and selected with great care.

Still, life at St. Hélier was exile, if not complete solitude. The rooms plainly showed that no visitors ever came into them, and that the family consisted of two lonely lives. Something seemed vaguely lacking. Perhaps it was the presence of a man, or at least some of those faded photographs, often so common and ridiculous, but speaking of a respectable past, and giving the traditional background to the house of a widow and orphan.

(To be continued.)

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

"When in doubt play Pascal."

FROM no class of men have we a better right to expect utterances based on the fullest knowledge, which they are ready to substantiate by the most conclusive evidence, than occupants of the judicial bench, and such as have attained a recognized position in science. In both characters no one has attained a more distinguished position than Sir Edward Fry, and it is therefore with something akin to consternation that we witness the extraordinary display to which he has recently treated the world in a newspaper correspondence.

Sir Edward publicly asserted that the practice of the Jesuits has been founded on the view that "the end justifies the means," which practice has become a by-word of contempt amongst honest men. Thereupon, Fr. Delany, Provincial of the Irish Jesuits, at once wrote to declare the charge to be a wicked slander, an abominable doctrine which no Jesuit has ever taught, and he challenged Sir E. Fry to substantiate his accusation by any evidence which impartial judges should deem satisfactory, and he undertook to pay a substantial sum to charitable purposes should such arbitrators decide that Sir Edward had proved his point. The latter, however, declined to undertake the task proposed, declaring that he did not feel inclined to spend the rest of his life in searching for evidence through Jesuit literature—in other words, for finding proof to sustain the charge to which he had already committed himself.

This is sufficiently extraordinary, but it is to another point that we would now draw attention. Assuming, in plain contradiction of the facts, that Fr. Delany did not attempt to controvert his original proposition that the Jesuits notoriously teach that "the end justifies the means," Sir E. Fry goes on to describe this supposed silence as being, in the

case of so skilful a disputant, "at least remarkable, and, if one thinks of the *Lettres Provinciales* of Pascal, probably judicious."

This clearly signifies that Pascal fastened this charge upon the Jesuits beyond dispute. But, we must ask, has Sir Edward himself ever read the *Lettres Provinciales*? If he has he must know that they do not contain a word on this topic, of which Pascal would certainly have made the most, had it been possible for him to do so. We are forced, therefore, to the conclusion that on this occasion Sir Edward has ignored the most elementary principles of criticism, and jumped hastily to the conclusion that as Pascal is commonly quoted as having convicted the Jesuits of all manner of iniquities, it is quite safe to quote him again, without taking the trouble to inquire further.

This is a simple and facile principle which would seem to be adopted by many, but it is certainly something new to find it countenanced by such a man as Sir Edward Fry.

J.G.

A Nonconformist "Dawn of All."

The Rev. C. Sylvester Horne, M.P., who prides himself on being the first Christian minister to sit in the House of Commons since the days of "Praise-God Barebones," visited the United States during the last Recess. His adventures there did not attract much attention in the English Press, but some of his eloquent utterances seem to us well worthy of being put upon record on this side of the Atlantic. According to the *New York Times*, Mr. Horne, at a luncheon given in his honour "by representative men of nineteen religious bodies in New York," delivered himself as follows:

Every London "bobby" knows the "Nightingale" and the "Red Lion," and can conduct you to every music-hall; but they don't know where my church is. The same is true everywhere. It is because we are afraid to act, afraid to let ourselves be known. We cannot even stir up a controversy. It is all indifference. The Church has become insipid; and the last vice of the

Church is insipidity. There are two texts from which I think I shall never tire of preaching. One is, "Ye are the salt of the earth," and the other is about faith as a mustard-seed. Salt and mustard—the two things the Church absolutely lacks to-day, and what the world needs more than anything else. We are suffering from the respectability that has kept the Commandments and has missed the Beatitudes. We have fallen into a fatal groove; and the only difference between a groove and a grave is a matter of depth. I agree with Mark Pattison that the least important thing about Calvin was his doctrine. The important thing about Calvin was the way he ruled Geneva. He believed that the Church is the final judge of all human things, and to that we must return. . . . The Church of Rome was right when she claimed Imperial sway. Though I think she sought to gain her ends through means often unjust and far from praiseworthy, her glorious ideal was exactly right, and to it all Churches must come. It was the ideal that there was nothing outside the sweep of the Church, and that all government and all law must come to the Church as the court of last resort. Whatever we think about the history of the Roman Catholic Church, we must admit that her aim has been the only true one, for she aimed at authority.

Now this is very encouraging. Here we have a leader of militant Radicalism and Puritanism pledging himself to certain very striking propositions. Number one. The religion of Protestant England is impotent. "It is all indifference." "We cannot even stir up a controversy." For instance (we proceed to supply an illustration) such a protest of conscience as "passive resistance" was intended to be, fizzles out. Mr. Horne was its great Congregationalist advocate, as Dr. Clifford its Baptist, and his bitter disappointment at its very restricted adoption is well known, and, indeed, is possibly reflected in this utterance. Number two. The Protestantism of the day cannot produce saints and martyrs. "It has missed the Beatitudes"—a striking phrase, sad enough when applied to anybody, and how much more so when applied to one's own friends! Number three. Neither the State nor the individual is "the final judge of all things," but "the Church"—a proposition sound enough *in sensu auctoris*, though undoubtedly a Catholic would say that the *final* Judge is God alone, and the Church His vicegerent in Time. Number four. The "Church of Rome was right when she claimed Imperial sway"—again a proposition which we

hasten to modify before Dr. Horton attributes to the all-pervading machinations of the Jesuits the infiltration of such ideas into his colleague's mind. For the Church has never made this claim, and would not have been "right" had she done so. Not the most extreme Guelph polemic ever claimed that the Pope was Cæsar, though necessarily the Church claims that in faith and morals, and in questions of practice so far as these are involved, Cæsar must be her pupil, and not her master. Mr. Horne is, in fact, more Papal than the Pope. And number five—most radical of all. The Church has been "right all the time" in "aiming at authority." In other words, private judgment, Protestantism, will not do. Man needs a staff and stay, his mind calls for something not itself to rest upon, his character needs the discipline of rule, his sense of right and wrong demands sanctions in his social relationships higher than any merely human government can show. The Church, so far, has been "right all the time."

We welcome with both hands Mr. Horne's propositions, with the slight modifications we have felt bound to suggest; and we pass them lovingly on, as things of price, to the fraternal consideration of other Congregationalist ministers—let us say Dr. Horton and Mr. Hocking. But these propositions and this attitude, all so admirable, encourage us to suggest one or two simple questions which Mr. Horne might well put to himself, the answers to which might lead him further than he at present sees. Here is the first. Is it conceivable that an ideal which the Church in her unity has never been able wholly to realize, can be even approached when we substitute for the one Church, "all Churches," to quote Mr. Horne's significant plural? Are not "the Church" as the "court of last resort," and "all Churches" ideas quite radically incompatible, especially in such a connection? How can there be two or four—to say nothing of ninety-nine—courts of last resort in one State and upon one subject-matter? Surely corporate unity under one Sovereign, with one code, and one hierarchy of justice, is of the very essence of the matter—a unity which is world-wide inasmuch as the enemy is no single national tyranny or anarchism, but the "Lord of the World." To quote a hostile witness, Mr. Frederic Harrison,¹ "the great invention of Catholicism" ("a noble

¹ *Positivist Review*, July, 1911.

thing" he calls it elsewhere) "was an independent, co-ordinate moral authority that could defy, restrain and modify the political rulers." Surely no mere reunion will suffice, like that of the Free Church Council, of men who are sinking their religious differences in favour of their political agreements, or, as one prefers to think, in favour of causes in which they consider themselves to have a common moral or religious interest. A political association tinged with moral emotion, falls sadly short of the ideal of Mr. Horne's *Civitas Dei*.

The second question is: Have no religious associations save the Catholic Church ever (we welcome the sobriety and moderation of Mr. Horne's language) "sought to gain their ends through means often unjust and far from praiseworthy?" Did not "the way Calvin ruled Geneva," which Mr. Horne views with such complacency, include the way Calvin treated Servetus? Cannot Mr. Horne, feeling so keenly the attraction of the Church's ideal, appreciate the danger her human instruments may at times have been in, of trying to forward her cause by methods only too human? And himself a publicist of no small experience, does he not know the damage every good cause suffers from its camp-followers, and still more from enemies who spread scandal where no scandal is? And lastly, question number three. Is doctrinal authority, after all, really only a matter of "salt and mustard?" We are aware that outside the Church this is unfortunately so, for there is little to go upon save the great principle that What I Tell You Three Times Is True, and that if I say it very loudly, or phrase it very piquantly, it becomes at once established in the very inmost citadel of certitude. Mr. Horne's followers follow him because he is Mr. Horne; because there is a strength, a charm, a magnetism about him which draws them. It is no use trying to differentiate, and say that they follow him because he provides in his sermons abundant and reasoned arguments which convince their intellects, whereas the Catholic congregation in Soho Square up the road follows Dean Vere because he tells them they have got to. The Catholic preacher provides plenty of arguments, though of course it is not these that produce the repose of Faith in the souls of those who believe. Neither is it Mr. Horne's arguments that produce in his people's minds the feeling that they are on right lines in following him; it is the

sense that he is a leader of men, and that he is calling them. Arguments? Why, they only go to hear the arguments because they are going to hear a man in whose personal selection, presentation, and exposition of them they have a previous confidence; or are in a state of mind out of which such confidence may be born. And here is the root of the matter, the very point fatal to any chance of Mr. Horne's attaining on his present lines his "glorious ideal" of religious authority. People must sooner or later realize what it means that while Mr. Horne is saying at Whitefield's Tabernacle, that Jesus is God (and may he long continue to say it, there or elsewhere), Mr. Campbell at the City Temple is saying that He is not. And then—well, they stand at the parting of the ways. They must either recognize that truth in religion matters, that a solid basis for it must be sought, and that in some more than merely personal authority must be their only true rest; they must turn their faces, however far off as yet, and with however long and toilsome a road to travel, towards Historic Christendom. Or they must say that truth in religion does not matter, and join the swelling forces of the Historic Revolt from it.

H. S. D.

The Purification after Communion.

Friendly correspondents, writing from different quarters, have made it clear that the survivals of the old practice of administering the unconsecrated chalice as a purification are more numerous than we supposed in the article published in October last. To begin with, Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., of Haverstock Hill, has been kind enough to supply information regarding a custom of this kind still maintained in the Dominican Order. Even here in England it appears that in the Noviciate and in the Houses of Studies, where naturally the Religious who are not priests are numerous.

the unconsecrated chalice is still given at Christmas and on Maunday Thursday. The deacon and sub-deacon, holding each

a chalice and a purificator, offer it to the communicants, as soon as they have received. But, of course, this applies only to the Religious and not to the lay people.

We may add that besides the Bridgettines of Chudleigh, other communities, and notably the English Convent at Bruges (Canonesses Regular of the Lateran), also maintained a similar practice down to within the memory of many Religious still living.

From a Jesuit Father of the German Province, Father Rudolf Schütz, comes the very interesting information that there is at least one parish in the diocese of Mainz, viz., Heppenheim, lying about midway between Darmstadt and Heidelberg; where the mediæval custom survives unchanged to the present day.

Heppenheim [he writes] is a parish of about 5,000 or 6,000 souls with three resident priests. As to the usage of the purification, I am informed that whenever Communion is distributed, the sacristan, or a server, following immediately after the priest offers a cup containing unconsecrated wine. Many people, it appears, do not drink from the chalice; however, generally speaking, there seems to be no sign that the practice is becoming unpopular. In the three neighbouring parishes of Bensheim, Lorsch, and Laudenbach, none of them more than three or four miles from Heppenheim, the purification after Communion is altogether unknown.

Father Schütz is also able to quote another example in the Mainz diocese, that of Dieburg, a parish some fifteen miles east of Darmstadt. Here there are two churches, one of them belonging to the Capuchin Fathers. At the parish church the purification is given, but not apparently in that of the Capuchins.

From Dublin, a Carmelite Father of St. Mary's, Morehampton Road, is kind enough to send some very interesting comments on the Irish custom of drinking water privately after Communion. He writes:

Regarding your note in *THE MONTH* on the unconsecrated chalice, I wish to say that the custom mentioned by the Bridgettine nun of taking a drink of water on returning home from Holy Communion is to be found in most parts of Ireland. Even here, in Dublin city, the practice is common everywhere.

I have never heard it mentioned that the water should be taken in three sips in honour of the Blessed Trinity, but I do not think that there could be any special significance in such

an observance. It would rather be due, it seems to me, to the fondness of the Irish for the number three. A similar detail enters into many everyday practices. Just one instance. In the West of Ireland the ploughman, before starting work in the morning, takes three shovelfuls of clay out of the ground and throws them over the horse's back, saying, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

This fondness of the Irish for the number three is noteworthy in connection with their veneration for the mistletoe in pagan times, and for the shamrock in Christian times. It has been used by some writers to the detriment of the shamrock legend.

This last passage of our correspondent's letter opens up a very attractive field for further discussion, but it would be dangerous to embark upon anything so inevitably wide of range as a Folk Lore enquiry in our present issue.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Morality of Strikes.

MUCH has been written in the past half-year about the morality of strikes, and certainly during that period there was plenty of material to draw conclusions from. But owing to the loss of sound ethical standards in this country (for which we have to thank individualism in religion), much of the writing has been misleading. It has been maintained, for instance, that, unless the worker can strike when and as he pleases, he is little better than a slave: on the other hand, he has been denied the right to strike at all, except perhaps in such a way as would make his striking ineffective. Truth, as usual, will be found somewhere between these extremes. A strike being an act of war, its morality must be determined just as that of war is determined. Both are evils, to be invoked only to avoid worse. The whole question has been treated with his accustomed luminous precision by Devas in his *Political Economy* (Book iii., c. ix), a book which should be the *vade-mecum* of every Catholic publicist. A strike, he tells us (p. 548), "is a great injury to national wealth, a cruel hardship to many innocent third parties, a grave occasion of disorder and a source of bitter enmities that may become highly dangerous." Great indeed and certain must be the good to be gained or the evil to be shunned to justify the causing of calamities such as these. Strikes, like war, may be lawfully resorted to only to gain some proportionate good which has been unjustly with-

held and which cannot be gained in any other less disastrous way. Just occasions for strikes, so long as the iniquities of our industrial system are tolerated, will unfortunately be too common. Until all forms of sweating are abolished, and the community insists that the hard and lowly labour on which its prosperity is ultimately based is adequately remunerated, all the manhood in the toiler will prompt him to assert his right to be treated as a 'man, and unless the community provides other means by which he can make good his claim, he has nothing left but to lay down his tools, even though family and State have to suffer thereby. The Commonwealth that tolerates sweated labour has itself to blame. "I cannot help thinking," said a writer in the *Times* during the August strike, "that, if any man neglected his family as Society does its workers, he would go to prison amid the howls of an angry mob." The most pressing item, therefore, of social reform is the improvement of the conditions of labour, especially for those whose work is longest and whose wage is lowest. A Conciliation Board which should harmonize the lot of the toiler with the dictates of Christian justice would be the surest remedy against strikes.

**The Encyclo-
pædia Britannica.**

That many Cambridge men solicitous for the reputation of their University are distressed by its association with the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was put beyond doubt by a protest printed in the *Times* at the beginning of December. The signatories, fearing "that the reappointment of any one who has shared the responsibility of the Syndicate in undertaking the publication of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* might be regarded as the formal acceptance by the Senate of a policy which we believe is very generally condemned by members of the University," and believing "that the reputation of the University has been injured by the representations that have been made" [*sc.*, that the publication was the direct act of the University in its corporate capacity undertaken as part of a definite educational policy], call upon their fellow-members in the Senate to protest against the reappointment of the Press Syndics who had brought the University into connection with the work. A few days later they wrote again to say that, as the Syndics were not to be reappointed there was no need for action, and that their protest had served its purpose in making clear to the public "that the responsibility for the publication and advertisement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* rests with the Syndics and not with the University."

The Syndics replied to this protest, as their credit

demanded, to the effect that whilst they maintained that the work was one which deserved the *imprimatur* of the University and which needed wide advertisement if it was to repay its cost, they had nowhere connected the University with the preparation of the *Encyclopædia*, which was practically complete when its publication was undertaken. In this they certainly were misrepresented by the protesting members of the Senate, and they had good reason to complain of the false impression given. But in view of the extravagant claims which its defenders have made for a work which at best must be regarded as profoundly unsatisfactory in respect to what is of the highest moment, viz., the Catholic faith and its history, the manifest desire of these Cambridge senators to free their University, as far as possible, from any responsibility for it should be carefully noted. It is also worth while recording, in connection with the *Encyclopædia's* treatment of religious subjects, that the editors of *Webster's New International Dictionary* fulfilled at once the claims of courtesy and common-sense by submitting all the Catholic terms in the work to the revision of a professor in the Catholic University.

**The Bible
Only**

A review in the *Church Times* for December 15th, taking occasion of the publication of the *History of the British and Foreign Bible Society*, Vols. III., IV., and V., tells that aggressively: Protestant organization some plain truths, and subjects its spirit and system to some searching criticism. Catholics need not be told that the B.F.B.S. "rests itself on an unscriptural and precarious foundation," and that the process of mere Bible distribution, apart from a definite creed, "must imply neutrality between Christian faith and its denial," but it will be news to most of us that "for the first fifty-four years of the existence of the Bible Society prayer was not permitted at its meetings, and that until 1850 it was found impossible to select a sufficiently neutral portion of Holy Scripture to read at the anniversary." We read further that the Society is "still not officially Christian," and that "its great centenary meeting in 1904 was presided over by an unconverted Jew." So much for the theory of this organization, but the reviewer goes on to show that "though the Society may not be officially Christian it is at least avowedly Protestant." It presupposes Protestant doctrine and ignores the need of authority for its canon. It assumes Papal prerogatives (as all these intolerant sects do) in condemning a French Bible Society for using "a version strongly marked by unsound doctrinal sentiments," and one in Holland for "adopting the Neologist Testament issued by the Synod of the Dutch

Church." And in the end it has to confess the failure of its efforts, for the author of the History "records with sorrow the coincidence in many parts of Europe of [free Bible distribution] with the spread of infidelity and licentiousness, while the Protestant pastors of Bohemia, Switzerland, and elsewhere accepted the Scriptures as mere shells of exploded superstition and of worthless myth." The *Church Times* reviewer has little difficulty in pointing the moral. The wonder is how the eyes of solibiblicists can be so held as not to see it also.

A Readable Bible.

In another part of the same issue the *Church Times* has a note with which we are also in thorough agreement. Speaking of a new edition of the Revised Version of the Bible, in which the text for the first time is divided into verses, it says: "We should have thought that with one consent the paragraphic division would be recognized as an indisputable merit. In our belief the division of the text of the Sacred Scriptures into verses has greatly tended to discourage the reading of it." Curiously enough, as a sort of set-off against this retrograde action of the Cambridge University Press, the Press of Oxford University is about to issue an edition of the Vulgate New Testament based on the text of Wordsworth and White and arranged for the first time in paragraph form. We welcome this very heartily as a decided advance towards that readable Bible, which is so real a need.

Mixed Marriages.

At the root of all the agitation engineered in these islands against the recent marriage legislation of the Church is, of course, the repudiation, by Erastians and adherents of "National" Churches, of the claim of the Church Catholic to be what her title signifies. That is the plain and simple issue, however obscured by political rancour or religious fanaticism, and in all fairness it is on that point, if any, that the Church should be attacked, not on any logically consistent application of her claim. There is absolutely nothing new in this claim of the Church to universal jurisdiction in spiritual matters; it is part of her original charter, voiced and acted upon from the beginning. The revolt of the sixteenth century did not invalidate it, but only *de facto* lessened the scope of its application. The Church has jurisdiction over her baptized members only, and in regard to the baptized, who conscientiously reject her authority, she asserts no rights. This legislation of hers, therefore, which is just on a par with her legislation concerning, for example, Sunday observance, or the celibacy of the clergy, based on the same grounds and enforced by the

same moral sanctions, affects those outside her fold only indirectly inasmuch as matrimony is a bilateral contract requiring valid consent on both sides. Having made, to prevent the union of those inhabilitated from matrimony on account of various impediments, certain conditions for validity affecting the marriage of two Catholics, the Church could not waive these conditions in the case of a mixed marriage without putting a premium upon unions which she is exerting herself to discourage.

Amongst the protests which her action has called forth many are founded on ignorance of the actual scope of her decree, and few make any attempt to realize her standpoint. Nearly all take for granted what is not the case, viz., that the Church, in the case of an invalid mixed marriage, aims at making void, those civil effects which alone are the concern of the State. And all ignore the fact that not only a spiritual power like the Holy See, but many foreign countries make conditions for the validity of the marriages of their subjects whether at home and abroad, quite irrespective of the rights of free-born Britons of which we have heard so much. On December 15th a Blue-book [Cd. 5993] was issued giving the latest information about the marriage laws of foreign countries with the express object of enabling "British subjects desiring to contract marriage in one of the countries mentioned therein or to marry a foreigner *in any country*" to comply with the various regulations necessary to ensure validity. These laws made by secular States interfere with the liberty of British subjects precisely in the same way as do those of the Church, yet we have heard of no meetings to protest against them!

**The "Will of
the People."**

The spoliation of the Holy See, plotted and planned in 1861, the jubilee of which was celebrated in this last year of social unrest, was justified to the world by fraudulent plebiscites of the Roman States, embodying the political theory that every community may lawfully choose the form of government it desires. The truth of that theory is undoubted, with the proviso that no settled form of government may be lawfully changed unless it really conflicts with the general welfare. God, while sanctioning all workable forms of government, has approved of no form as ideal. But there is a notion afloat nowadays that the most perfect form of government is that in which all citizens have a share, a notion which carries the corollary that obedience to law, in the making of which the subject has not had a hand, is something servile and degrading; there should be no rulers except elected rulers, and all subjects should have a voice in the election, and to that extent

in the government. No one will quarrel with this last statement as the description of one lawful form of organized society, but the sovereignty of the people, just as the sovereignty of any other ruler, is held from God and does not result from the union of their several wills. Thus it must always be exercised in accordance with God's law whether revealed or natural. The statement in the *Eye-Witness* (November 9, 1911, p. 651), that "nations should be governed according to the general will" needs qualification, and might be better put "nations should be governed according to the general good," for that is the main object of government. But Mr. G. Lansbury, M.P., a Labour Member and a Christian Socialist, in a later issue of the same paper (November 23rd, p. 721), goes utterly off the track in his notion of human liberty when he says: "I am coming to the conclusion that the sacred right of going to the Devil, if we so will, is a right which should be maintained. It is not Democracy to be saved in spite of ourselves." This surely is an echo and more than an echo of *non serviam*, an expression of that false human pride which ignores the manifold indigence of man, even in the natural order, and his utter and final dependence on the bounty of God. Here is the danger of Democracy, the "government according to the general will"—the general will may be bad as it was in the Terror; what is to check it and direct it aright? In our fallen world no civil polity can be made to work without religion, and in Christendom no State can really prosper apart from the influence, direct or indirect, of the one Religion which is true.

**Christian
Scientists.**

There is a large class of men who may be described by the above title, and yet do not believe in the Gospel according to Mrs. Eddy. The announcement that the Catholic Truth Society, in pursuit of its very timely anti-Rationalist campaign, is about to publish short Lives of eminent Catholic scientific men, is very welcome, for there is hardly any error more widespread amongst the unthinking than that there is something incompatible between the possession of profound scientific learning and the Christian faith. How false this impression is has been aptly pointed out by Father Kneller in his *Das Christentum und die vertreter der neueren Naturwissenschaft*.¹ Let us imagine, he says:

a man so passionately hostile to Christianity as to reject in science and in practical life all help that comes from a Christian hand. How badly off he would find himself! In chemistry he would have to ignore Berzelius, Dumas,

¹ Freiburg, 1903. This valuable book was published in English last year, under the title *Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science*. (Herder.)

Liebig, Deville, Chevreul, and, practically, rediscover the whole of modern chemistry for himself. In electricity he must do without Galvani, Volta, Ampère, and Faraday; in Optics he must reject the discoveries of Fresnel, Fraunhofer, and Fizeau, and go back to the old theories of emission; in Heat he must discard Mayer and Joule. As for Astronomy, when he has shut out the research made possible by Fraunhofer's telescope and the work of Leverrier and Laplace, there will not be much left.

And turning from speculative science to practical life, our anti-Christian will have to use tallow candles, for stearine is presented to him by the Catholic hands of Chevreul, and as for electricity, he cannot pay for it without paying tribute also to the Catholic names of Ampère and Volta inscribed on his bill. Aluminium he must abandon, for he owes it to the Catholic Deville. He cannot continue to pasteurize his wine; he cannot use Schönbein's collodium in photography, nor water-glass, nor cement. His pharmacy will lack Pelletier's quinine and Pasteur's whole fabric of bacteriology; his medical practice do without Laënnec's auscultation. This list of compulsory abnegation might be extended almost at pleasure. Eliminate the work of convinced and consistent Christians, and science would be well-nigh bankrupt.

This will not prevent materialists like Mr. McCabe from repeating the parrot-cry—scientific enlightenment means loss of faith. This theory, like that of abiogenesis, is necessary for their propaganda, and they simply cannot discard it. They may even believe it, for the credulity of "scientists" of that stamp has become proverbial.

**How Socialism
may succeed.**

Socialism is primarily a theory of economics and politics, but it necessarily trenches upon religion, for all the acts of man have a moral aspect, and morality without religion is a house built upon sand. Sir William Ramsay, F.R.S., lately illustrated the essential immorality of thorough-going Socialism in an answer to a leading question put by the Anti-Socialist Union, and his words are striking enough to be worth preserving. This is what he wrote:

In my view Socialism, under certain restrictions, might do very well. These have long been practised by the ants and the bees. They are:

- (1) Extirpation of unpromising children at birth, and State care of the remainder.
- (2) Removal (by painless means) of all the youth of both sexes who, at a later stage, promise badly.
- (3) Removal, also, of all who cannot work, by eutha-

nasia; and slavery for all who will not work.

(4) Careful State supervision of all marriages, only a few persons being permitted to carry on the race.

(5) Euthanasia for the aged.

This, it must be acknowledged, would produce a powerful race. The chances are, however, that it would be extirpated before the experiment had a fair trial. Without some such expedients, however, I do not see how Socialism would work, and, if it spreads, we shall probably see some approach to the restrictions mentioned above.

The projects of our modern advocates of Eugenics for all their air of philanthropy will need careful watching, lest the seeds of such a crop as that sketched in these shrewd words may be contained in them. Already a grand jury in Florida, by refusing to bring in a true bill has become accessory after the fact in the murder by chloroform of a dying woman. And in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, two "advanced thinkers" combine to urge that "Nature" should be left to work out her beneficent plan of eliminating the unfit.

Healthy Public Opinion.

Public opinion about any given topic is the expression of the views of that portion of the community which is in any way articulate. It may be united, in which case it is of very great force, or it may be divided and proportionately ineffective. In matters which affect the moral well-being of society, it is clearly of great importance that public opinion should be both sound and uniform. We see the good effect of such a force in the crusade against immoral literature, which is at present on foot in Ireland. The common law was found inoperative to prevent the flooding of that country with the moral filth purveyed by secular Sunday newspapers, so public opinion prompted public organization for self-protection. The result has been very striking: the movement has spread from Limerick, where it originated, all over the country. It does not confine itself to denunciation of the evil; pulpit and religious press have never failed in their duty in that regard; but it *acts*.¹ Vigilance Committees have been formed in all the large towns, who issue certificates to newsvendors who are able to show a clean bill of health in respect to their provision of papers: newsboys are organized with badges, and the general public is largely pledged to deal only with those who show due regard for morality in the literary wares they sell. To a very large extent it is a layman's agitation, a protest of the Catholic mind against the uncleanness of the press, but the clergy may be trusted to give the movement permanence. And both clergy and laity realize that the best way to keep

¹ An excellent account of the movement may be found in the *Tablet*, Dec. 16.

out the bad is to provide a supply of the good. We may expect to find the friends of "liberty" everywhere—those who protest against the prosecution of public blasphemy, against the banning of the salacious novel, against even the feeble attempts to make the stage less indecent—up in arms against this action of the Christian conscience. People who claim "the sacred right of going to the Devil if they so will" are more than likely to resent this infringement of their freedom. But Irish Catholics will not be shaken in their resolve by charges of prudery or obscurantism, and we in England, although we cannot, as they can, prevent the garbage being offered to us, can at least refuse to buy it.

Opportunely enough, there has just appeared the first number of a Catholic paper for Sunday reading, the *Midlands Catholic Chronicle*, which aims at providing, not only general and Catholic news, but abundance of wholesome reading matter, articles on Catholic topics, accounts of social work, and—an important item—refutations of the too frequent falsehoods that disfigure the non-Catholic press.

Jesuits in the Congo.

To do good and be reviled for it is the reward of true Apostleship, and the Jesuit missionaries in the Belgian Congo are schooled to expect no other from the enemies of the Church at home. Yet one might venture to think that to spend one's life in the service of the despised blacks, and to meet one's death in exile amid the hardships of a mid-African climate, is a proceeding so manifestly divorced from selfish aims as to excite even the basest nature to admiration. It has not so affected that eminent Socialist, M. Vandervelde, who, in pursuance of his political designs, did not hesitate, whilst attacking Belgian administration in the Congo, to slander his heroic fellow-countrymen in a recent parliamentary debate. We shall not enumerate his charges; they are of the usual sort—the natives are exploited for gain and treated without humanity—and they have been conclusively answered in a brochure called *Les Jésuites et les Fermes-Chapelles*,¹ by Père Thibaut, the head of the Belgian Province. But such calumnies uttered by a man who had previously visited the Congo himself and had testified to the spirit of the missionaries there,² show the depths to which Continental socialism is prepared to stoop in order to get mud to throw at its one foe—the Catholic Church.

¹ "Fermes-chapelles" are agricultural colleges alongside the native villages, where the young Congolese are trained both in Christianity and habits of civilization. This system and its administration have won cordial approval from Government commissioners and other even less interested inspectors.

² "J'ai connu plusieurs Pères Jésuites au Congo, et je vous le dis très haut, et je leur rends bien volontiers cet hommage: ils agissent, j'en suis convaincu, dans un esprit de désintéressement absolu."—*Année Parlementaire*, p. 179.

Reviews.

I.—THE QUESTION OF LORETO.¹

OF all the books which have been written in reply to Canon Chevalier's much discussed essay, *Notre-Dame de Lorette*, the work in three volumes, now brought to its completion by Father Ilario Rinieri, is the most recent and the most bulky. We wish we could add that it is also the most temperate in language and the most scientific in procedure, but the impression left by Father Rinieri's method of attack is not a favourable one. Let us recall certain plain facts which must be fresh in the memories of all who have seriously interested themselves in this controversy. Canon Chevalier's *Notre Dame de Lorette* (published in 1906), was the outspoken climax of a growing feeling which had been voiced by several independent critics during the six or seven preceding years. His book is clearly arranged, and it is certainly well documented. In the first part of the work Canon Chevalier shows that in the numerous accounts of pilgrims who visited Nazareth during the middle ages there is no trace of the existence of any such building as the four-walled cottage now to be seen at Loreto, or at any rate, that when we compare the descriptions given *after* 1291 (the date of the supposed miraculous translation), with those which are earlier than that date, there is no perceptible change of tone, no consciousness that the edifice which would be the natural goal of such a pilgrimage to Nazareth, had lately disappeared. Further, all these oriental relations show that the idea that there had been any loss or disappearance of the holy house from Nazareth was only introduced from the West at a comparatively late date. Secondly, Canon Chevalier proves that a church or shrine of our Lady existed at Loreto *before* 1291, and that when

¹ *La Santa Casa di Loreto; confutazione del libro "Notre Dame de Lorette."* By Padre Ilario Rinieri. Torino: Pietro Marietti. Pp. xlviii, 162—216—536. 3 Vols. Price, 9 lire. 1910—1911.

spurious documents are excluded, there is no evidence that anyone in that part of Italy had ever heard of the bodily translation of the famous *Santa Casa* until nearly two hundred years after the event itself is alleged to have taken place. This, very concisely stated, was Canon Chevalier's thesis. The book produced a considerable sensation, and it was reviewed at length in all the more scholarly Catholic magazines. Almost without exception the writers of these reviews, men of standing, who signed their contributions with names known and respected throughout the Catholic world, gave an unqualified adhesion to Chevalier's conclusions. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whatever else their adversaries may say of them, are not generally reproached with lack of orthodoxy, or with disloyalty to the pronouncements of the Holy See. Yet the *Analecta Bollandiana*, conducted by the Bollandist Fathers of Brussels, the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, representing the scholarship of the German Province, and the *Zeitschrift für Kathol. Theologie* of the Austrian Jesuits domiciled at the University of Innsbruck, all pronounced strongly in Canon Chevalier's favour. Again, by universal consent, the most scholarly publication of the learned Benedictine Order (to whom the Holy Father has only recently entrusted the revision of the text of the Vulgate), is the *Revue Bénédictine*, and if we turn to England, Mr. Edmund Bishop, who is so intimately associated with Downside and its *Review*, may fairly be identified with the general spirit of the Anglo-Benedictine Congregation in all matters relating to historical research. Yet both the *Revue Bénédictine* and the important series of articles contributed by Mr. Edmund Bishop to the *Tablet* adopted an equally unhesitating attitude unfavourable to the authenticity of the *Santa Casa*. Moreover the same is true of the *Revue Biblique*, conducted by the Dominican Fathers, the *Historisches Jahrbuch*, representing the Görres Gesellschaft, of the *Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*, edited in the Catholic University of Louvain, of the *Revue pratique d'Apologétique*, so closely associated with the Institut Catholique of Paris, not to speak of other journals whose attitude might more easily be taken for granted.

But the reader may be inclined to ask *quorsum haec?* to what purpose have we drawn out this catalogue? Our object is simply to make it clear that a scholar who occupies the position of Canon Chevalier, can-

not with propriety, be treated, as Father Rinieri persistently treats him, as a sort of veiled Protestant, or at least a Modernist, who is wantonly assailing with dishonourable weapons, the treasured convictions of his more devout fellow Catholics. The words, *falso*, *falsità*, simply swarm in Father Rinieri's pages, and so far as we can judge, by a careful examination of the evidence in certain selected instances, there is no reasonable excuse whatever for the adoption of such a tone. As is well known to all who have given any attention to historical studies, Canon Chevalier is a most indefatigable worker. He covers an enormous amount of ground, as his *Bio-bibliographie*, his *Topo-bibliographie* and his *Repertorium Hymnologicum*, remain to attest. It is no doubt true that so much cannot be attempted without sacrificing something at times in the way of accuracy. No doubt, also, amongst the hundreds of testimonies about Nazareth cited by the Canon, there are some in which he has failed to go behind his quotations and examine the exact circumstances under which they were written. Also it may happen that, carried away by his conviction of the general truth of the thesis he is advocating, he occasionally presses individual arguments further than the evidence warrants. But the main lines of his indictment in our judgment remain absolutely unshaken. Father Rinieri pounces upon every inexactitude, no matter how trivial or how remotely connected with the argument, and, while he exaggerates its bearing, he does not scruple in the least to insinuate unworthy motives. There are whole chapters which are devoted simply to discrediting his opponent, often enough without any adequate justification in fact. It would be easy to furnish instances; we will mention two or three. In the first volume, chapter xiv. is taken up with showing, by means of parallel extracts, that Chevalier uses much the same language with regard to Loreto, as sundry Protestant critics of ancient days, such, for example, as Basnage and Casaubor. We can see no possible good purpose in such a confrontation, which simply tends to create prejudice against the Catholic writer, without contributing anything to the argument. Again, in Vol. II., chapter i., the author contrives to suggest that Chevalier has deliberately misdated the narrative of the pilgrim Ricoldo to suit his own purposes. The question of the dating of this account of Ricoldo's may be open to criticism, but the date has not, as is stated, been

invented by Chevalier. He has simply taken without further examination the date given by Röhricht in the most authoritative catalogue of such pilgrimages. Still more unsatisfactory is the prejudice which Rinieri strives to excite against his opponent on the ground of his treatment of Adrichomius. We should have thought that it was known to every student of Palestinian geography that Adrichomius is the most worthless of compilers, a man who never visited Palestine himself, who based a great deal of his information upon a work of pure imagination, and who was formally denounced by Bernardino Amico and other real authorities for his pretentious ignorance. But if we were to start criticizing the details of Father Rinieri's arguments, we should never end. We can only sum up his so-called *Consultazione* by describing it as one of the most conspicuous examples in recent literature of a controversial work based on the well-known legal advice: "No case; abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

2—AN HISTORICAL DICTIONARY.¹

The vast work projected by MM. Lecoffre and Co., under the name of *Dictionnaire d'Histoire et de Géographie Ecclésiastiques*, has issued its third and fourth fascicules, which extend from *Adalis* to *Aix-la-Chapelle*. If only we saw any reasonable probability of the undertaking reaching the conclusion of the alphabet within our own generation, we should be happy to give it a cordial welcome. In itself it seems very well done, and at any rate, carried out with that average level of competence and scholarship which one expects in any work of the sort. The longest and most important article in the instalment before us—that of *Africa*—is in the capable hands of M. Audollent. Of this we can only say that if there could be any guarantee that the other great divisions of the world, for example *Angleterre*, *Asie Mineure*, *Autriche*, etc., would be undertaken by specialists as fully able to do justice to their subject, the work would be worth subscribing to, even if one saw little prospect of the whole being completed within an ordinary lifetime. Besides the article *Africa*, the fascicula before us contain nothing of exceptional length or

¹ *Dictionnaire d'Histoire et de Géographie ecclésiastiques*. Edited by Mgr. Baudrillart and others. Fascicules 3 and 4. Paris: Lecoffre. Price, 5 fr. each. 1911.

interest. The article *Agape*, by Dom H. Leclercq, is of course excellent, but though one is unwilling to look a gift horse in the mouth one cannot help wondering to oneself why *Agnus Dei* or any other liturgical institution or fact should not equally be treated in this comprehensive historical dictionary. There is a good account of Pierre d'Ailly, by L. Salembier, and if we have not found more entries to call for special commendation, this is probably more due to the fact that great names are non-existent in the section covered, rather than to any incapacity on the part of the contributors. The English subjects have had reasonable justice done to them, but they do not give us the opportunity of saying that they are exactly first-rate. The bibliographies in particular are sometimes weak. In *Agnello de Pisa* the *Monumenta Franciscana*, edited for the Rolls Series by Professor Brewer, ought certainly to have been referred to; and under *Ælfric*, the homilist, it would probably have been well to make mention of such a work as the *Cambridge History of Literature*. Indeed, the bibliographies contained in that admirable series might have saved the writers of some of these articles a good deal of trouble.

3.—AN EIRENIC ITINERARY.¹

Mr. Silas McBee is an American Episcopalian clergyman who has much at heart the restoration of Christian unity, and for that end has made a long series of efforts, covering many years, to know the mind and genius as well as to understand and to feel the spirit of the dismembered sections of Christendom. Of one such effort, which took the form of a visit in the early part of last year to several European countries, this little volume gives us an account. The author had taken a prominent part in getting up the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910, and became a member of the Continuation Committees then established. It was also in company with Dr. Nott, the Secretary of this Committee, and Mr. Oldham, another of its members, that Mr. McBee made the tour this year, a tour the immediate object of which was to enable them

¹ *Impressions of our Tour, with Addresses and Papers on the Unity of Christian Churches.* By Silas McBee. London: Longmans. Pp. xv, 225. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1911.

to attend a meeting of the Committee of the World's Student Christian Association at Constantinople, another association which, if we understand rightly, aims at combining members chosen from different parts of the world in an organized study of the Reunion problem. For visitors of this representative character, it was easy to obtain the needful introductions, and so Mr. McBee is able to tell his readers of conversations held with such personages as King George V., the Archbishop of Canterbury, Pius X. and Cardinals Rampolla and Merry del Val, Signor Luzzatti, the German Emperor, the Czar, the Metropolitans of Moscow and St. Petersburg, the present and late Chief Procurators of the Holy Synod of Russia, the Orthodox Patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, as likewise with the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem.

It is consoling to meet with clergymen so zealous for reunion as Mr. McBee, and we cordially agree with him that, whether the final object is destined to be obtained or not, the best way of leading up to its attainment that the present situation permits, is by working for that "enormous change of heart which," in his judgment, "is taking place everywhere through interchange of thought, courtesy, and personal touch." The more people who are set on a good object are taught to understand one another, the more will that class of unnecessary hindrances be cleared away which arise solely out of rivalries and false impressions. In some other respects, however, this well-intentioned critic seems to misapprehend the facts of the problem. To begin with, though much that he records concerning the attitude towards reunion of the personages he visited sounds consoling and valuable, there are many cases in which he appears to have seriously misunderstood his collocutors, who can hardly have meant to say what he gives them credit for. Thus, in face of the ruthless persecution to which the Catholic body, its Religious in particular, are subjected in Italy, it is difficult to think that Signor Luzzatti, the Premier of Italy, could have felt much distress because in America "a number of the States of the Union practically limited the [Federal] Constitution [guaranteeing religious freedom] by local laws imposing religious tests." Nor is it easy to understand how Senator Wladimir Sabler, the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod in Russia, could have spoken to Mr. McBee of "his catholic attitude to-

wards the Roman Church, and his desire for better relations with it," in view of the callous action of the Russian Government towards the Polish Catholics quite recently taken, for the character of which the reader may refer to the *Tablet* for December 1st. We doubt, too, if Pius X. was correctly understood to have said what is imputed to him on p. 153. And again, though we regret to oppose ourselves to a mind so earnest and conciliatory, it is best to tell him quite plainly that he has not diagnosed correctly the nature of the disease. His ideal is that of interdenominationalism, as it is called. The different denominations are to keep their distinctive doctrines and institutions, but are to intercommunicate freely with one another on the basis of certain fundamental doctrines, such as the Divinity of Christ, as to which they agree. This he calls unity in variety, deeming that the variety adds to the unity an adornment of which uniformity would deprive it. No doubt some variety, the variety which he now recognizes as an attractive feature in the Roman system is good (p. 152). But, if he will analyze his thoughts more searchingly, he will realize that what he postulates as the *desideratum*, amounts in reality not to a harmonious unity in variety, but to a paradoxical unity in contradiction. Nor can it be correctly maintained that the "passion of Protestant Christianity is for the truth, and for the liberty to tell the truth," whilst "Roman Catholic Christianity bases its right to exist on organic union and communion with Christ and His Apostles, and on an exclusive commission, and, therefore, exclusive jurisdiction from Christ," that is, if account is taken of the implication latent in the comparison that the Roman Catholic Church cares less for truth, and is prepared to sacrifice something of it for the preservation of unity. The Catholic Church has a passion for truth unequalled by any other community on earth; she is prepared to sacrifice every earthly advantage and every apparent spiritual advantage, rather than surrender the smallest item of truth. If, however, it be claimed that it is a passion for truth which causes other communions to keep apart from her, it should be recognized that the real contrast between the two is in this, that the Catholic Church takes the authority of its own divinely-guarded traditions as the sound test of religious truths, while the separatists take their own private judgment for this test. It is just because of Mr. McBee's devotion to

the cause of unity that we would direct his attention to this point. For his devotion itself, and his efforts for promoting a better understanding between the different sections of religious-minded people, we have only admiration and sympathy. We should add that the six plates, giving portraits of three patriarchs, of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, and of two Cardinals, are a decided attraction in this little volume.

4.—WOOD SCULPTURE.¹

A more intelligent, devoted, and appreciative exponent than Mr. Maskell of the art of wood sculpture could not be desired. He expounds it to us in all its branches, beginning with the wonderful figures of ancient Egypt, and tracing it on to its culminating point before the Renaissance. Since then various reasons, especially the greatly increased supply of marble and other apt material for the sculptor, have caused a decline, from which the art has never yet recovered. It was the abundance of timber in Flanders and Germany which encouraged the masters of those countries to carve in it freely, and they eventually acquired a marvellous skill, which fully justifies Mr. Maskell in giving them the place of honour in his book. The works of Riemenschneider, Veit Stoss, and Meit, which he figures and describes, deserve all his enthusiasm; and his criticisms, especially upon the Nüremberg Madonna, show sound judgment and good taste. After reviewing the work of Spain and Italy, he finally comes to that of England. But here, alas, the iconoclasm of the Reformers has wrought such havoc that works of the highest class have, we might almost say, been wiped out altogether. Wood is easily burnt, and the statues and statuettes from shrine, altar, and screen, were the first things that the Reformers destroyed. Mr. Maskell describes the exquisite ornamental work still remaining on bench ends, misericordes, and screens; and he argues, no doubt quite rightly, that where the carving of secondary subjects was so often admirable, there the figure sculpture will probably have been sometimes excellent. What makes this the more probable is

¹ By Alfred Maskell, F.S.A. *The Connoisseur's Library*. London: Methuen. Pp. 425, 59 plates. Price, 25s. 1911.

that English artists had then acquired rare skill in the kindred arts of stone-carving, painting, and miniatures.

The weakest point in this handsome and thoughtful volume is the writer's inability to treat a large subject broadly. The work is ill-knit, a series of excellent notes, marred however by some strange repetitions and obscurities, and by reiterated protests that he cannot say all he would like. If these had been excised, room might have been found for lists in smaller type that would have been very useful to the student. Thus we are given, at p. 299, the novel and interesting information that there are still in England nearly a hundred sepulchral effigies in wood, some dating from the thirteenth century. A writer with better control of his matter would surely have found room for a list of them. Our author refers us to twenty-six different writers on sepulchral monuments, and to a book by Mr. A. C. Fryer. In not a few passages Mr. Maskell depreciates the influence of the Church upon art in terms such, that one might imagine that he posed as a "superior person." In reality the jar is produced by his infelicitous habit of repetition, and his criticisms may be interpreted in good part. A proposition about the Apocalypse, at p. 337, needs emendation. But this has nothing to do with wood-sculpture.

5.—A COLLEGE JUBILEE HISTORY.¹

The "Golden Jubilee" history of the well-known Windsor school, the Catholic neighbour of Eton, is the work of many hands, but the main credit for its production is due to Fr. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., who accumulated the materials and drafted the first sketch of the book, and to Fr. Francis Devas, S.J., who gave it its final shape, and prepared it for the press. The two thus associated in this labour of love were both Beaumont boys in their time, belonging, indeed, to the same class, so that nothing is lacking of sympathetic insight in this account of their old school. In the Preface, contributed by the late Rector, Fr. Charles Galton, S.J., the aim of the book is stated to be twofold: first to give permanent record to the beginnings

¹ The History of St. Stanislaus' College, Beaumont. A Record of Fifty Years, 1861—1911. With Seventy-Five Illustrations. Old Windsor: The Beaumont Review Office. Pp. xv, 170. 1911.

of the school, whilst many of those concerned in it are still alive; and secondly, to give pleasure to old students scattered over the world, by recalling and depicting the scenes and events of their school-days. In both respects this excellent aim, we venture to assert, has been and will be successful. The humble and homely beginnings of the establishment derived from the lips of those who as boys or masters took part in them, and the steady improvement in material conditions, which has gone on ever since, is narrated stage by stage, so that old boys may realize, perhaps for the first time, from the perusal of the book, how fortunate they were in their generation in comparison with their predecessors. No less interesting is the development of the College on the educational side, from the old classical regime and traditional system of discipline, inherited through Stonyhurst from the "Seminaries beyond the Seas" of penal times, to the present combination of modern and classical sides and the association of the boys themselves in the domestic government of the school. The marked progress in the one and the other direction is made clearer by a number of excellent half-tone illustrations, mostly full plates, the only fault of which is their being printed on a granulated paper, which sometimes obscures details.

Apart from the history of the house and the school, which takes up the bulk of the book, very interesting chapters are contributed on special developments, such as the *Beaumont Union* and the *Stage*, whereon so many of the College triumphs have been won. Old boys will probably find most to please them in these accounts and in the long chapter on *Games and Sports*, which recalls so many past exploits. But the historian proper who looks beyond all things to completeness will miss what certainly should have been included in the book, a full account of the early officials of the establishment, those venerable men, some still surviving, who bore all the burden of the day and the heat, and of whom not even an exhaustive list is furnished. For a series of pen-pictures of these authentic pillars of Beaumont, we could have sacrificed some even of the beautiful illustrations. Perhaps, before it is too late, the school journal will collect details about these early worthies in preparation for a second edition.

The occasional intercourse between the Royal Family

and the College, made possible by the nearness of the latter to Windsor Castle, and acceptable by its exuberant loyalty, receives due mention in these pages, and will remind the boy actors in these exalted scenes of some thrilling moments in their lives. The chapter called *Notes on the House and Grounds*, contains a good deal of matter of purely domestic interest, which it is well to have on record; amongst those items, however, we should hardly class the detailed description of the last duel fought in England, which took place in the neighbourhood of Beaumont in the year 1852. It is not a fact, one would think, the memory of which either Beaumont or its neighbourhood has any special reason to preserve.

We had to look several times to assure ourselves that the volume has no Index, but such is unfortunately the case. On the other hand, its price—five shillings—is ludicrously small considering the size of the book (Imperial 8vo.), its fine illustrations, and its elaborate get-up. It is tastefully bound in the College colours and the cover displays the College crest.

6.—THE HALTING-PLACES OF RATIONALISM.¹

A recent study of rationalistic Lives of Christ was entitled in its English form, *The Quest of the Historical Christ*. This title was most appropriate, for since the days of Reimarus, now a century and a half ago, the rationalistic school of writers has been in quest of an interpretation of the life and personality of our Lord, which, whilst free from all supernatural features, could be shown to conform to the genuine testimony of the Christian sources; that is, to the testimony which these records could be made to yield, when the criticism of the same school had removed from their contents all that offended against its principles. It is the Christ thus interpreted whom they call the Historical as opposed to the Supernatural Christ, and the quest of Him has not even yet been rewarded by success—as its conductors very reluctantly acknowledge by the persistence with which they devise theory after theory, without ever hitting upon one which gives them lasting satisfaction.

¹ *Les Étapes du Rationalisme dans ses attaques contre les Évangiles et la Vie de Jésus-Christ.* Par L. Cl. Fillion, Prêtre de Saint-Sulpice. Paris : P. Lethielleux. Pp vi, 364. Price, 3.50fr. 1911.

The Abbé Fillion, in his *Étapes du Rationalisme*, already published by instalments in the *Revue du Clergé français*, follows the same lines as Professor Albert Schweitzer's, so far as he studies this same fruitless rationalistic quest after the Historical Christ, and he gives his book a title of corresponding import. In the course of its long succession of theories to account on its own principles for a Life like that of Jesus Christ, Rationalism has several times persuaded itself that it had found the object of its search; in other words it has several times fancied that the theory in vogue for the moment could maintain itself against all attacks, and so has exulted for a while in its advocacy, though only to be compelled soon to strike its tents and seek for another to supersede it. These theories which have thus satisfied for a while, M. Fillion happily calls "the halting-places (*étapes*) of rationalism in its attacks on the Gospels and on the life of our Lord Jesus Christ." Six principal halting-places of this kind he counts, of which the first four are associated with the names of Reimarus, Paulus, Strauss, and Baur, and the last two, which represent theories more floating and more general, may be called the halting-places of Eclecticism, and of Syncretism or Evolution. What must never be overlooked, these theorists all started from certain philosophical presuppositions, particularly from the presupposition that nothing ever could have occurred, and therefore never did occur, which surpassed, or varied from, the supposed iron law of purely natural causality. How then explain a life which, if the Gospel accounts of it are correct, was full of supernatural occurrences? Reimarus's theory was that our Lord and His Apostles were conscious impostors, who worked sham miracles and reported what they knew to be false. Paulus, seeing how untenable was this brutal theory, had recourse to a naturalistic interpretation of the marvels of the Gospel. For instance, our Lord did not really walk on the waters; He appeared to His disciples, unable to see clearly through the fog, to be doing so; He was not really transfigured, but had an interview during the night with two venerable friends; the disciples, waking in the morning, saw the three bathed in the light of the rising sun, and imagined them to be transfigured. After serving for a time, this system too was dismissed as absurd, and in its place came the mythical theory of Strauss, which, in its turn, was superseded after a period of domination, by the

Tendency System of Ferdinand Baur. According to Baur, the books of the New Testament, those at least of which the authenticity was in any degree allowed, can all be divided off into three classes, anti-Pauline books, anti-Petrine books and books of reconciliation, this division being used as a test by which to determine the dates of composition, and bring them so low down that none of them can any longer be regarded as contemporary to the events recorded. When F. C. Baur died in 1860, his system began to go to pieces, and before long it had lost nearly all its defenders. Still as M. Fillion observes wickedly, it is not possible always to go on devising new theories, and the writers of what he calls the Eclectic School, which was in full bloom till a decade ago, did nothing more than attempt fresh combinations of the materials out of which the previous theories had been formed. Still, it was during this period that searching work of detail was accomplished, which work M. Fillion treats as threefold, the literary criticism of the Gospels, the fixing of the personality of Christ, and the assignment of the interrelations between the Gospel records and the contemporary Judaism; and it is to this portion of his subject that he devotes a good half of his book. But, though the materials amassed by the Eclectic School are still prized in rationalistic circles, its position has had to be abandoned, and another halting-place, the last reached so far, has had to be chosen. This M. Fillion calls the Syncretistic or Evolutionary halting-place, but the latter designation is the more acceptable to its adherents. Its contention is that Christianity, with all its beliefs, its practices, and its records, is but the natural and inevitable outcome of a movement whose course was determined by the pre-existing historical conditions; and that among these pre-existing conditions "the heritage received from Judaism and the influence of the intermingled religions of the East and of Greece, have played a greater part in the evolution of Christianity than has the Gospel of Jesus." Bousset and Gunkel may be regarded as the leading spirits in this evolutionary movement, in which the names of Winckler, Zimmern, Jeremias, Seydel, figure largely. With a diligence worthy of a better cause these scholars and their allies have scrutinized every corner of Jewish, Greek, Babylonian, Persian, and even Indian

history or mythology to find parallels for which they might with dexterous manipulation, claim an apparent community of origin or parentage with the facts and doctrines of the Gospels or early Christian records. Had they merely sought to throw light on the Gospel history by reconstituting the historical background of the picture it sets forth, they would have been doing a work of great utility, but they have gone far beyond this, and have laid themselves open to the reproach of overlooking the original features in the Christianity of the Gospel, and the stupendous significance which attaches to them. Hence, though the system is still in possession among the adherents of Naturalism, the signs of weakness in it are beginning to be recognized, and foreshadow the near approach of the time when yet another halting-place must be sought. Whether the quite recent "Jesus-movement," of which M. Drews and M. Jensen are the founders, will be selected as the next halting-place, it is too soon to predict. For the present there is a disposition among the German critics to vote it down for its undoubted absurdity, inasmuch as, forgetful of the need of accounting for the solid and massive fact of Christianity which has its source in the story of Jesus Christ, it goes so far as to deny that He even existed.

In any case, the spectacle of this quest for the Historical Christ which seems to be ending in a pit of destruction, sad as it is in itself, brings to us a certain consolation. In its inability to make the original Christian records conform to the conception of an Historical, that is (to use a less question-begging designation) a Naturalistic Christ, it has furnished a valuable confirmation of the Christian belief that the only truly historical Christ is the Supernatural Christ, the God-Man.

We must thank M. Fillion most cordially for this welcome volume. Too often those who would make themselves acquainted with the history of German Biblical criticism, and seek, amidst its bewildering complexities to put the names in their right places, are discouraged for the want of a trustworthy guide. Such a guide they can now find in M. Fillion, who makes all clear by a mode of treatment which is as simple as it is lucid, as convincing as it is impartial, as calm and courteous in its style, as it is drastic in its exposures.

Short Notices.

A VERY welcome addition to *The Antiquary's Books* is an excellently illustrated account of **The Castles and Walled Towns of England** (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.), by Mr. Alfred Harvey. Considering that the names and localities of upwards of a thousand castles are known, of which about half remain in a more or less fragmentary condition, it will be seen that there exists abundant material for the task which the author has set himself. But he has been compelled by want of space, after describing the general idea of a "strong place," to confine his detailed accounts of different varieties to certain types, selecting those less generally known. It has not been his object to give the local history of the places described, for there exist several works devoted to this aspect of the subject. The two concluding chapters on English walled towns form in a sense the most original and useful portion of the book, for they are the result of personal researches by the author and cover ground in every sense untraversed before. A list of known English and Welsh castles, with details as to their character and condition, concludes an excellent work.

The well-known book of Nature-essays called **The Road Mender** (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.), by Michael Fairless, has now reached its twenty-eighth edition, and a very beautiful edition it is, printed from new type with lavish margins and exquisitely illustrated in colour by E. W. Waite. It is a curious blend of minute and accurate observation, shrewd yet poetic reflection and a sort of misty religious optimism in strongest contrast to the clear-cut eschatology of the Catholic faith, all expressed in musical language, the harmonies of which are only occasionally artificial and affected. It is strange to find in a work which shows signs of no little culture the definition of Ideal Space—*sphæra cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nullibus* [sic]—applied to the god Mercury, though doubtless such misprints as *nullibus* and *decorem tuam* are due to the printer.

We have not had the advantage of seeing the first volume of the exhaustive Life of the great Abbot of Solesmes, **Dom Gueranger**, but the second volume (Plon-Nourit, Paris, 8.00 fr.) deals with perhaps the most strenuous and important part of his career, the years from 1849 to 1875. When one recalls what the history, political and ecclesiastical, of France was during these twenty-five years and recollects that, as a strenuous upholder by voice and pen of the rights of the Holy See and of religion in general, Dom Gueranger was prominent in every conflict of that unsettled time, the interest of this volume may be appreciated. Written by one of his Benedictine brethren, with access to all relative documents, it remains a worthy monument of a great historic figure.

Though there are many indications of wide research amidst the wilderness of modern rationalistic writers in Mr. Ivor Ll. Tuckett's **The Evidence for the Supernatural** (Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d. net) there is not the slightest trace there of any acquaintance with, much less grasp of, the sound and long-tried philosophy of the Catholic Church. This volume adds yet another to

the many illustrations of the deplorable injury to clear thinking which resulted from the discarding of Aristotle and the schoolmen. Here is a man full, in his own conviction, of a sincere zeal for truth and determined to apply, not so much common, as uncommon sense in its investigation, yet misled at the start by an inadequate definition of truth from Lewes' *Prolegomena* and following the same dubious guide in denying even the existence of "intuitive necessary truths" [such as 'two and two make four'] apart from experience. So handicapped, what wonder that he is not able to arrive at the central fact of all human history, the Divinity of our Lord. What wonder that the acumen which he shows in analysing the fraudulent evidence of many modern spiritualistic phenomena deserts him when he is confronted with what ministers to his own deep-seated prejudices—the shallow sophistries of rationalism, the question-begging of evolution, the unproved and unprovable theories of naturalistic writers. He takes Professor Haeckel as an authority on the history of religions, and Mr. H. G. Wells as a philosopher, and Señor Ferrer as a martyr! He is so blinded by his anti-Christian bias as to accuse the Church, in face of all the evidence of history, of having retarded the abolition of slavery! He shows no real knowledge of the spirit of Christianity, and for this, poor man, he is not so much to blame, for he has gone for Christianity to the sects and has studied Catholicism with the aid of such theologians as Mr. Robert Dell. In spite of his profession of "agnostic humility and love of truth," his whole volume is infected with the one original sin of agnosticism, the making of human reason, necessary guide as it is to the sources of truth, the final standard and criterion of what is true. And so his dealing with the evidence of the supernatural and his treatment of the supernatural in history is just as illuminating as would be a blind man's description of a landscape. Our prayer for him must be that some day he may know how much he does not know.

Under the fanciful title, **Fresh Flowers for our Heavenly Crown** (Burns and Oates, 2s), the Very Rev. André Prévot, S.C.J., has composed a book of very practical Meditations for a month, founded on the ascetical teaching of St. Thomas. Each meditation is drawn up in the usual form, but the treatment is fresh and the doctrine sound.

It is pleasant to see the name of a London Catholic organist on the title-page of publications issued by a well-known German firm. Mr. H. B. Collins has edited and arranged a set of **Offertories** and **Motets** by Orlando di Lasso and Jacob Handl for the firm of Schwann (Düsseldorf). Practical choir-masters will be grateful to him for putting the alto and tenor parts in the treble cleff. Marks of expression are indicated, also breathing-places for the voices, and the type is excellent.

We presume that Irish legendary records have been used as the basis of the attractive stories which Miss Alice Dease publishes under the name of **Good Women of Erin** (Longmans: 2s.); if not she deserves all the more credit for her inventive skill. It is of Christian Ireland that she writes, and most of the good women were also saints, but none the less romantic in their careers for that.

The New Year season brings its usual crowd of story-books for young and old. For those who are very young we have seen nothing better of the religious kind than Mother Salome's **Wide-Awake Stories** (Burns and Oates: 2s. 6d.) simple little tales, with the longer words spaced—no always according to pronunciation—into syllables and charmingly illustrated with pen-drawings. Of a more secular cast and on a more gorgeous scale is

the volume, **Pinafore Tales** (Sands: 2s. 6d.), by Gladys Davidson, which is handsomely got up with coloured illustrations, and is meant for older readers.

Children like gay colours and are not particular as to drawing, so they will probably appreciate the picture-book called, **The Rock of Peter** (St. Anselm's Society: 2s. net.), the letter-press of which contains an explanatory account of the nature of the Church, in verses suggesting a well-known nursery-rhyme.

A large batch of penny pamphlets from the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland—whose collected publications, by-the-way, now total forty-six shilling volumes—shows that it continues admirably to minister to the need of instructive and recreative literature. The most immediately important is Mgr. Hallinan's **The Management of Primary Schools in Ireland**. The Rev. P. M'Kenna's **Holy Water: its origin, symbolism, and use**, is another useful production. Several tracts are devoted to ecclesiastical history, one to foreign missions, and three or four to fiction.

The modern disinclination to read books is condescended to by Mr. G. Raupert, who concentrates into a pamphlet of moderate dimensions—**Spiritistic Phenomena and their Interpretation** (St. Anselm's Society, 1s. net), the fruits of wide and prolonged study of the practice of Spiritualism. He proceeds in a clear and logical order giving the Facts, the Phenomena and their Interpretation, and puts beyond reasonable doubt that these modern practices are "but a revival in scientific and systematic form" of the necromancy of the unregenerate pagan. The pamphlet should be widely circulated by all concerned for the future of true religion in this country.

The Feast of Christmas (Elliot Stock, 1s. 6d. net), readings about the feast in prose and verse selected, by Edith A. Charter is apparently an Anglican production, but it is perfectly orthodox and very edifying in tone and sentiment (the prose being mainly Father Faber's), expounding the characteristic virtues of the Nativity and the praises of the first Worshipers of God Incarnate.

The authorities of Beaumont College have compiled and issued, to mark the Golden Jubilee of the establishment, a new and elaborate edition of the **Beaumont Lists, 1861-1911** (Beaumont Review Office: 2s. 6d. post free). In addition to the alphabetical list of boys, which gives in many cases the salient facts of their careers, there are various subsidiary sections devoted to points of interest about the school, the names of the community for each of the fifty years being most important. The Lists are very handsomely printed and got up, and will delight and interest all Old Boys.

The author of **Lebens und Gewissensfragen der Gegenwart** (Herder, 2 vols., 8s.), Father A. M. Weiss, O.P., has carefully read the latter-day French literature, orthodox and unorthodox, on Modernism and the other allied themes, and he has treated them so as to bring them clearly before his own Catholic countrymen. In the first volume he dwells more particularly on the dangers before us, in the second on the reforms necessary to meet those dangers. If in the first part his views are somewhat Spartan, the tone in the second part is hopeful, vigorous, practical. A weighty, well-informed book, and "actual" in the best sense. One may warmly commend it to Catholic writers in the Press, as well as to the clergy, for whom it is primarily intended.

Two little "Franciscan" books come to us from Turin—**La Regola de**

Terz' Ordine Franciscano, and Il Terz' Ordine Franciscano e la Giurisprudenza Ecclesiastica, both by Giovanni Cerri, O.F.M. (Marietti, l. 1.50; l. 1.20). The first contains fifteen lectures on the Third Order: its Origin, Prejudices answered, &c.: the second is a sort of advanced catechism on the same subjects, chiefly for Tertiaries, giving simple but accurate explanations of matters interesting to members of this venerable Order.

It is almost four years since we noticed the first [published] volume of the Sulpician Professor L. Lebauche's **Leçons de Théologie Dogmatique** (Bloud, 5.00 fr.), which, in reality, forms Vol. II. of his course. The first was issued early this present year, and contains the Treatise on God, *sc.*, *The Trinity, The Incarnate Word, The Work of the Redeemer*. These high topics are treated with a lucidity and precision which make them suitable not only for students, but for the general reader. We have many theological works in English, but nothing quite comparable to this French work in scope and treatment. In view of the constant efforts of the rationalists to belittle the work and personality of our Lord, the sections devoted to His Person and Office will be the most useful, for M. Lebauche approaches the matter historically and traces the necessary development of the doctrinal exposition of the great mystery of the Incarnation. We trust that the reception given to this volume will resemble that given to the first issued, which is now in its third edition, and encourage the author to proceed with his useful task.

The Catholic Diary (Washbourne, 1s.) enters on its fourth year of issue as neat and useful as ever, combining in its printed portions appropriate secular information with daily quotations from the Bible which may further the interests of the other life.

Herr G. Mey's **Vollständige Katechesen** (Herder: 4s. 6d.), a guide to teachers, is already in its fourteenth edition, and will, no doubt, remain a favourite for years to come. The care which the author takes both to avoid unnecessary difficulties, and to insert what is helpful, is evident on every page. Neat children's verses, clear exposition, and many a shrewd hint to the teacher, how sometimes to negotiate, sometimes to avoid hard words and complex ideas are its characteristics. It is intended for the "convent classes of Catholic Folk-Schools," and we fancy it would suit many of our convent teachers admirably.

The new edition of Father J. S. Hickey's excellent *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ* is proceeding apace, the latest part to be issued being the first portion of the third volume, **Theologia Naturalis** (Browne and Nolan; 2s. net). We have before pointed out the chief merit of this Manual of Philosophy in that it is fully abreast of modern times, and refutes the time-worn errors as they are presented by modern writers. We might suggest that it would be still more useful to students if there were added to it a full bibliography of the Catholic authors quoted, who treat in a more exhaustive manner of the various points summarized in the book.

A mission on a novel subject—the life of the parish—given by an eloquent French Canon, has been expanded into a very suggestive book, **La Vie à l'Ombre du Cloches** (Lethielleux: 2.00 fr.). Rightly considering that the parish is the diocese in miniature, as the diocese is the Church in miniature, Canon C. Quiévreux explains in a vivid, interesting style the part which his Church and his priest should play in the spiritual life of each individual, and incidentally refutes the false notions which secularists in France and elsewhere are so ready to spread, that the clergy exploit the

laity for their own selfish ends. The book is a stimulating one, worth reading by clergy and laity alike.

The result of investigations pursued in various countries concerning institutions for safeguarding the faith and morals of the young after school-age, has been published by M. Eugene Bellut in *Les Organisations de Jeunesse à l'Etranger* (Lethielleux, 2.50 fr.). The inquiry made was not exhaustive: a typical organization was selected in each country for special examination, although in some cases it was a central grouping of several distinct societies. Germany, England, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Croatia, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland are represented in the volume. The organization chosen to exemplify social work of this description in England, is the Catholic Boys' Brigade, of which a sympathetic and fairly accurate account is given. The account is not dated, but from the fact that it puts the strength of the Brigade at sixty companies whereas now there are over 100, one gathers it does not give a complete picture of present affairs. The volume will be useful to all social workers who have to deal with boys, for *Jeunesse* apparently does not include the fair sex.

No less a person than M. Edmond Rostand says in a letter printed at the beginning of M. Jules Imbert's *La Magdaléenne* (Lethielleux, 3rd edit.), that the verses "*ne' ont souvent ému,*" so that it would be impertinent in anyone less well qualified to offer further criticism. But one may say in general that it is hardly possible to introduce God Incarnate into a human drama without to some extent shocking devout minds. Any speech assigned to Him less weighty and pregnant than those given in the Gospels, may easily savour of irreverence. Now M. Imbert, greatly daring, has made our Lord the chief speaker in his play.

It is a dangerous homage to pay to a writer to select "aphorisms" or "maxims" from his works. Even professed coiners of these pregnant sayings often only succeed in uttering mere platitudes. Mr. W. H. Fowler has not altogether escaped this danger in his booklet, *Heavenly Gifts* (Laslett, 1s. 6d. net), sayings from Newman's sermons arranged for every day in the year. Detached from their context, their proper place in the whole design, these thoughts seem sometimes commonplace, and such as needed no genius to conceive. They depend for their value on what they lead up to or on their cumulative effect. Still, many of these maxims show the hand of the master and all are helpful.

In two little books, *Se Connaitre* and *Se Perfectionner* (Lethielleux: 1.00 fr. each), M. l'Abbé Rouzic addresses short and pithy counsels to young folk on the necessity of a clear knowledge of self and surroundings, and on the advantage of working for a high ideal. Both are eminently calculated to engage and arrest the attention of youth, generally impatient of long and learned discourses.

The same may emphatically be said of *Vous êtes à Jesus Christ* (Casterman: 1.50 fr.), under which title appear in French Father Joseph Rickaby's "talks" to boys, called *Ye are Christ's*. The translation, which is also in part an adaptation, has been made by M. Jary, who has also added notes explanatory of allusions in the text. It reads well and smoothly.

The Christian Science of Life (Allenson, 1s. net), has nothing in common with the foolish sect indicated by the second and third words, but it is an attempt to show from the standpoint of a devout Anglican that true Christian Science consists in living in the spirit of the Christian religion as expressed

in its dogmas. It is a sincere book, right as to its end but of course very inadequate as to the means available. Besides prayer rightly ordered and diligently practised, the Catholic Church provides, as means of grace, worship and service of God and union with our Lord, the great rites of Mass and the sacraments. But our devotee of the Christian Science of Life, to her own great loss, seems to know nothing of these openings into the Unseen.

It was worth while printing the long *Life of Saint Teresa* (Herbert and Daniel, 10s. 6d. net.), which Lady Lovat has translated from the French of a Carmelite nun, if only on account of the characteristically-illuminative Preface with which Mgr. R. H. Benson has introduced it. His is a mind to appreciate the character and rôle of one who was a great mystic and practical Catholic, and his emphatically a pen to express with force and precision what he sees. The *Life* itself is very carefully done, based, as all such *Lives* must be, on the authentic writings of the Saint herself, and discussing the various problems connected with her spiritual experiences with sympathetic insight. The presentment is "popular," not severely critical, but the work of Father Zimmerman and others has been kept in view. It should become a favourite amongst the lovers of St. Teresa, an increasing number and one happily not confined to her own co-religionists. The value of the book is enhanced by a singularly complete and well-arranged Index.

To choose a title which demands a paragraph of explanation is to place a somewhat severe handicap on a book of stories, but Father M. Earls' *Stuore* (Benziger, 3s. 3d. net) a collection of American tales, is good enough to live down its foreign name. The style is cultured but lacks flexibility, especially in the dialogues; much practice is needed to prevent one's characters from speaking "like a book."

The Tempest of the Heart (Benziger, 3s. 6d.) by Mary A. Gray, is a well-written story on lines more or less conventional,—a monk with a wonderful voice who gives up his vocation to become an operatic singer, his sister, the heroine who wins him back through her prayers and devotions, and a sufficiency of other good and evil characters to act as examples and foils of virtue.

Professor Karl Pearson would read *Agatha's Hard Saying* (Benziger, 4s.) by Rosa Mulholland, with a great deal of incredulity, for it is all about the transmission of the drink-habit by heredity. The hero abandons fifty thousand a year because it is derived from public-houses, and the heroine refuses to marry him lest her inherited taint should be perpetuated, but amidst our admiration for such exalted virtue there is an uneasy feeling that the occasions do not call for it. As a temperance treatise the book is not convincing, though as a story it is interesting enough.

One could judge with more certainty of the value of the criticisms contained in *The Catholic Veto and the Irish Bishops* (Gill and Son: 6d.) if one had read the original lecture of the Rev. Prior Butler, on which those criticisms are passed. As it is, one can gather its character only through the rather heated strictures which the anonymous author levels against the Prior and those who share his views. But apart from minor details which the divergencies of contemporary authors make obscure, the writer seems certainly to make out his case that the Irish Hierarchy *as a body*, in opposition to the Vicars Apostolic across the Channel, consistently rejected at the beginning of last century all attempts to make the appointment of Bishops in any way dependent on the civil government. A hasty inspection of

Mgr. Bernard Ward's recently-published *Eve of Catholic Emancipation*, which gives a full account of these old unhappy far-off things, seems to bear out the contentions of the pamphlet.

The precise relation between Father Reginald Buckler's new book, **Spiritual Perfection through Charity** (Burns and Oates : 5s.), and a previous volume of his, *The Perfection of Man through Charity* (1894), is nowhere indicated in the later book, which is merely described as "superseding" the earlier. We may take it, then, that Father Reginald has thought it well to correct or make plainer, to amplify or abridge, some of the contents of his former admirable manual; and the new volume may be regarded as the matured fruit of nearly eighteen years' further study and prayer.

The title of a spiritual book for children, **When "Toddles" was Seven** (Longmans : 3s. net), by Mrs. Hermann Bosch, presupposes an acquaintance with an earlier volume, also concerned with the religious development of the same engaging personality, who has progressed wonderfully in the interval, and now understands quite long words and abstract ideas, and can express herself in perfect English. The theme is the same as in *Bible-Stories told to "Toddles,"* but the stories are mostly out of the New Testament, and "Toddles'" shrewd comments enable many a salutary lesson to be emphasized.

The largest book amongst this month's C.T.S. batch is **Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales** (C.T.S. : 2s. 6d. net), compiled by J. H. A. It is not easy, as Father Charles Blount remarks in his Preface, to use this book as it is meant to be used, *i.e.*, to stop each day at the page provided, for whatever St. Francis says is said so sweetly and reasonably that we are sure to want more. But however used, it cannot fail to do good as expressing the spirit of one who more than any other of God's saints understood and practised the art of making piety palatable to ordinary folk.

The next in importance is a shilling volume called **A Pilgrim of Eternity: the Story of a Unitarian Minister**, by the Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D.D. It is a series of fourteen thoughtful and scholarly essays, some of which appeared in this periodical, expressing the mental progress towards Catholicity of one who, finding no rest in Anglicanism, had drifted into Unitarianism as the only logical goal of individualistic religion. It is very cleverly done, with many apparent digressions all intended to show the "social" influences of the various creeds, and will be read with interest by all who can appreciate clear thinking and a cultured style.

There are two sixpenny booklets (threepence in wrapper)—the first, Bishop Ullathorne's **Doctrinal Letters**, a selection of explanations of points of faith, written originally to Lady Chatterton and remarkable for their clearness and force; the second Père Auguste Poulain's **The Prayer of Simplicity**, a chapter extracted from his well-known *Graces of Interior Prayer*, edited with an introduction by the Abbot of Downside. This form of prayer is described as a link between meditation and mystic prayer and the description of it is consoling as giving reasons for thinking that spiritual exercises which appear utterly barren because of their difficulty and dryness may be in reality a sort of mystic union in germ.

Amongst penny pamphlets are five of Newman's classical sermons, each a delight to read for its luminous style and the high spiritual fervour that shines through it: a paper by Father Sydney Smith on **Communion under one Kind**, which practice is still a difficulty to non-Catholics and which here is treated exhaustively under its theological, historical, and practical aspects;

finally, the first fruits of a projected series on the Religious Orders, Father Bede Jarrett's account of **The Dominican Order**, which expounds its origin, its spirit, its practical effect upon the world in various relations and its method of government. We feel sure that this series, if conceived after the admirable model set by Father Jarrett, will be very useful to Catholics as well as to those outside the Church.

Early in the New Year will appear **The Catholic Social Year Book for 1912** (C.T.S., 9d. wrapper), the third year of issue of this useful production which is gradually assuming something like a permanent arrangement of contents. We reserve fuller notice of it until it is published. At the same time will be issued a new and thoroughly revised edition (the fourth) of the **Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works** (C.T.S., 6d. wrapper) brought up to date and improved in many ways.

We are glad to welcome a similar compilation from across the Channel, a **Handbook of Catholic Social and Charitable Works in Ireland** ("Irish Messenger" Office, 1s. net.), edited by Father Joseph McDonnell, S.J. It is a pioneer work of its kind and in its production has met with the usual difficulties that beset new ideas, chief amongst which is the strange apathy and indifference which exist in some quarters where mere self-interest, let alone the service of God, should prompt hearty concurrence. In spite of these difficulties Father McDonnell has produced a most useful volume which gives a comprehensive view of the vast work for social betterment which is being carried on in Ireland. One gets the impression that the Church there is performing exactly the same functions as she did in undivided Christendom, and that if ever the active Religious Orders were banished from Ireland, practically all charitable work would disappear with them. This is not to depreciate the labours of St. Vincent de Paul's Society—the only lay-organization in any way comparable in extent and activity to those of the Church. We cannot help thinking that experience will show the wisdom of discarding the fourfold classification of Charitable Work, adapted from the English Handbook, under the categories of "Aid in Distress," "Aid in Sickness and Affliction," "Aid to Reformation," "Aid to Development." A straightforward alphabetical arrangement is best for reference, and all the classification necessary can be shown in the Index. Considering the energy and ubiquity of the Temperance movement in Ireland, it is strange to find in this book no specific reference to the headquarters, &c., of various associations, which are doing so much of what is *par excellence* social work in combating the evils of excessive drinking. This and many other points which the criticism of experience will bring to light, will doubtless be attended to in the second edition.

Who's Who for 1912 (A. and C. Black, 10s. net.), has grown so stout in relation to its other dimensions, that it is fast approaching the shape of a cube. One hundred and twenty pages have been added to last year's issue, in spite of the efforts made by death to keep down the number of our distinguished fellow-creatures. The critic's task in respect to this book is a light one. Even though his own name is not therein, he must pronounce it indispensable.

Only less so is the supplementary volume of useful statistical information called the **Who's Who Year Book for 1912-13** (Black, 1s. net), although it covers ground traversed by many similar publications, and **The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book for 1912** (Black, 1s. net), which contains in a handy

classified form, information constantly wanted by desk-workers of every sort.

St. Anthony's Pocket-Book (Burns and Oates, 6s. and 1s. 6d.), is one of the neatest of its kind, contains much information interesting to Catholics, and is adorned with a capital portrait of our new Cardinal and a short account of his career.

Le Miroir Sombre (Lethielleux, 3 fr.), is the first instalment of the adventures of Julius Snow, the very up-to-date reporter of the American paper, *The Light*, which stands at the head of the profession for the sensationalism of its news. Snow "hitches his wagon to a star"—at any rate to a planet—and sets himself the task of spying on the actions of a certain Dr. Algol, who, as his name implies, is an up-to-date "scientist" with a passion for astronomical research. Those who would shrink from a solitary exploration of Schiaparelli's canals may be induced to visit them with the assistance of our anonymous author and in the company of a reporter-detective and a whiskey-drinking cook.

Among the publications of the biblical and patristic Seminary of Innsbruck is an interesting study of Acts, xv. 28, 29, in **Das Aposteldekret**, by Karl Six, S.J. (Rauch, m. 2.55.) The author confronts a problem which has agitated for some time past students of the Acts of the Apostles, viz., the exact force and scope of the first conciliar decree. Without pretending to break fresh ground or to advance any new hypothesis, he confines his efforts mostly to weighing conclusions already more or less accepted, and bringing into prominence some points both in the text and its interpretation which had escaped observation. By a study of the O. T. texts and of the attitude of the Oriental mind towards bloodshed, and by following up this investigation with an examination of the Christian writers of the first four centuries, he places before the reader a series of points of view from which the apostolic ordinance may be contemplated under new phases. If the student does not see his way to agree with all the author's conclusions, he will have learnt how the problem may be attacked with some prospect of arriving at a decision, and, at the very least, have received stimulating guidance in the direction of solid research.

Señor Segarra, in his **Los Gremios** (F. Altés, Barcelona: 3.50 pes.), taking for his text the Encyclical of our late Holy Father, on the Condition of the Working Classes, urges the formation of guilds, and in a short and necessarily fragmentary survey of the constitutions of the ancient guilds, contrasts these wise and eminently practical measures with the theories of writers to whom the question is of little more than academic interest, or who advocate schemes on a large scale about the success of which there is no certainty derived from experience. In addition, the author considers the various countries of Europe and the United States, and makes a very interesting chapter out of the efforts that are being everywhere made to keep the balance between capital and labour.

An unpretentious little volume of less than 150 pages, **L'Éducation de la Chasteté** (Bloud et Cie.: 2 fr.), by M. Gatterer and Father Krus, S.J., professes to do no more than to give quite practical instructions for the guidance of priests, parents, and teachers in a subject which of all is of the greatest moment, not only to the individual but to society at large. The authors of it never forget that they are treading on very delicate ground, so delicate that not a few otherwise conscientious souls shirk the trouble involved in coming to a decision on what in this matter of instruction their duty should

be; while others, rushing in where angels fear to tread, are prepared to make experiments with results that may easily end in disaster. Hence the warning in the Preface: "We earnestly entreat our readers not to detach certain passages of this pamphlet from the fundamental ideas which run through the work and are to be considered as absolute rules. To act otherwise would give rise to misconceptions for which the book cannot be held answerable." The book is translated from the German by M. l'Abbé Th. Dequin.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

ALLENSON, London.

The Christian Science of Life. Pp. 127. Price, 1s. net. 1911.

BENZIGER, New York.

The Wargrave Trust. By Christian Reid. Pp. 384. Price, 4s. 1911. *Meditations for Every Day in the Month.* Translated from the French of Fr. F. Nepveu, S.J. By F. A. Ryan. Pp. 176. Price, 3s. net. 1911. *The Queen's Promise.* By M. T. Waggaman. Pp. 200. Price, 2s. 1911. *With God: Prayers and Reflections.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Pp. 912. Price, 4s. *The Tempest of the Heart.* By M. A. Gray. Pp. 417. Price, 3s. 6d. 1912. *Agatha's Hard Saying.* By Rosa Mulholland. Pp. 317. Price, 4s. 1912.

BLACK, London.

Who's Who for 1912. Pp. 2364. Price, 10s. net. *Who's Who Year Book for 1912-13.* Pp. 168. Price, 1s. net. *The Englishwoman's Year Book for 1912.* Pp. 370. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book for 1912.* Pp. 140. Price, 1s. net.

BLOU, Paris.

Sous les Lauriers. By Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé. Pp. 328. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Les Coffres-Forts et les Fiscs.* By Ch. Lescœur. Pp. 424. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Pouchkine.* By E. Hauman. Pp. 232. Price, 2.50 fr. 1911. *Tennyson.* By Firmin Roz. Pp. 230. Price, 2.50 fr. 1911. *De Panurge à Sancho Panza.* By Emile Gebhart. 3e édit. Pp. 320. Price, 3.50 fr. *Premières Leçons de Catechisme.* By l'Abbé Davot. Pp. 80. Price, 0.40 fr. *Positivisme et Catholicisme.* By L. Laberthonnière. Pp. 430. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Histoire de France: Cours Moyen.* By A. Baudrillart and J. Martin. Pp. 328. Price, 1.60 fr. 1911. *L'Education de la Chasteté.* From the German of Gatterer and Krus by l'Abbé T. Dequin. Pp. ix, 150. Price, 2.00 fr. 1911. *Collection "Science et Religion."* Nos. 613-630.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

Spiritual Perfection through Charity. By Reginald Buckler, O.F. Pp. xi, 346. Price, 5s. 1911. *St. Anthony's Pocket Book for 1912.* Cloth, 6d. net. Leather, 1s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XIII., *Tables and General Index.* Pp. 643. Price, 16s. net. 1911. *East London.* By G. F. Bosworth. Pp. x, 256. Price, 1s. 6d. 1911. *The Old Testament in Greek.* Vol. I. Part III. *Numbers and Deuteronomy.* Edited by A. E. Brooke and N. M'Lean. Pp. v, 272. Price, 15s. net. *The Abbot's House at Westminster.* By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. Pp. vii, 84. Price, 5s. net. 1911.

CASTERMAN, Paris.

Vous êtes à Jesus-Christ. By Jos. Rickaby, S.J. Translated by M. Jary. Pp. 241. Price, 1.50 fr. 1911.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

A Pilgrim of Eternity. By Rev. George Hitchcock, D.D. Pp. viii, 300. Price, 1s. 1911. *Doctrinal Letters.* By Archbishop Ullathorne. Pp. 116. Price, 6d. net (cloth). 1911. *The Prayer of Simplicity.* By A. Poulain, S.J. With Introduction by the Abbot of Downside. Pp. 103. Price, 6d. net (cloth). *Daily Readings from St. Francis of Sales.* Compiled by J. H. A. Pp. 376. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911. *Various Penny Pamphlets.*

ELKIN MATHEWS, London.

Ballads and Verses of the Spiritual Life. By E. Nesbit. Pp. 105. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1911. *Post Liminum: Essays and Critical Papers.* By Lionel Johnson. Edited by T. Whittemore. Pp. xvi, 308. Price, 6s. net. 1911.

HERBERT AND DANIEL, London.

Life of St. Teresa. Translated from the French by Lady Lovat. Pp. xxxi, 630. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1911. *Life and Letters of John Lingard.* By Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney. Pp. xv, 397. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1911. *Golden Lays of Olden Days.* By Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A. Pp. x, 137. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1911.

HERDER, London.

Die Gesellschaft Jesu. By Maurice Meschler, S.J. Pp. x, 307. Price, 2s. cloth. 1911.

IRISH MESSENGER OFFICE, Dublin.

Handbook of Catholic Social and Charitable Works in Ireland. Edited by Rev. J. M'Donnell. Pp. 116. Price, 1s. 1911.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Père et Pasteur: extraits des ouvrages du B. Jean Eudes. By Père Boulay. Pp. xii, 552. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Petite Année Liturgique.* By l'Abbé J. Verdunoy. Pp. viii, 1578. Price, 4.00 fr. 1911. *Se Connaître.* By Louis Rouzic. Pp. 192. Price, 1.00 fr. 1911. *Se Perfectionner.* By Louis Rouzic. Pp. 186. Price, 1.00 fr. 1911. *Le Modernisme Social.* By l'Abbé J. Fontaine. Pp. xii, 488. Price, 6.00 fr. 1911. *Le Miroir Sombre.* With Preface by the Abbé T. Moreux. Pp. 306. Price, 2.00 fr. 1911. *Discours Eucharistiques.* 2e serie. Pp. 385. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911.

LONGMANS AND CO., London.

Miracles. By various Authors. Pp. vi, 136. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911. *An Eirenic Itinerary.* By Silas M'Bee. Pp. xv, 225. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1911. *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation.* Vols. I. and II. By Mgr. Bernard Ward. Pp. xii, 277, 363. Price, 21s. net. 1911.

LOUDIN, Paris.

Le Secret Admirable du Très Saint Rosaire. By Blessed L. M. Grignon de Montfort. Pp. xii, 190. Price, 1.50 fr. 1912. *Dom Guéranger et Madame Durand.* By Père Alphonsus Guépin. Pp. 86. Price, 1.50 fr. 1911.

PICARD ET FILS, Paris.

Luther et le Luthéranisme. By H. Denifle, O.P. Translated by J. Paquier. Tome II. Pp. 472. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911.

SANDS AND CO., London.

Sacred Dramas. By Augusta T. Drane. Pp. 101. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911. *Under the Rose.* By Felicia Curtis. Pp. viii, 338. Price, 6s. 1911.

SCHWANN, Düsseldorf.

XV. Offertoria. By Orlando di Lasso. *VII. Motetta.* By Handl.

TIPOGRAFIA PONTIFICA, Turin.

Spiegazione Evangeliche Domenicali Primo e Secondo Corso. By Guglielmo Buetti. Pp. viii, 382; viii, 396. Price, 3.50 l. each. 1912. *Commentaria in S. Pauli Epistolas.* By Corn. à Lapide. Two Vols. Pp. xiii, 565, 605. Price, 12.00 l. 1907, 1912. *Mystica Theologia Divi Thomæ.* Two Vols. By Thos. a Vallgornera, O.P. Pp. xxi, 608, 557. Price, 12.00 fr. 1911. *La Santa Casa di Loreto.* By P. Ilario Kinieri [v. Chevalier]. Three Vols. Pp. viii, 161, 215; xlvii, 520. Price, 3.00 l. 1911.

WASHBOURNE, London.

The Knight of the Green Shield. By Mrs. Stacpoole Kenny. Pp. viii, 230. Price, 3s. 6d. 1911. *The Delinquencies of Imp.* By N. Pallant Cassera. Pp. 40. Price, 6d. 1911. *The Gospel in Africa.* By Bishop le Roy. Pamphlet. Price, 2d. *The Holy Mass Popularly Explained.* From the French of Père E. Vandeur, O.S.B. By Rev. V. Gilbertson, O.S.B. Pp. iv, 155. Price, 1s. net. 1911. *Roman Documents and Decrees.* December. Edited by Rev. D. Dunford. Price, 6d. net. *Better than Sacrifice: A Play for Children.* By Gerard Marley. Price, 6d.

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Bellarmin et la Bible Sixto-Clémentine, by X-M. le Bachelet, S.J., 646.

Bower, G. S., K.C., *The Law of Actionable Misrepresentation*, 653.

EDUCATION, *The Religious Question and Public*, by Athelstan Riley, M. E. Sadler, and Cyril Jackson, 655.

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Moore, A. W., Ph.D., *Pragmatism and its Critics*, 651.

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